

4.
THE
DEPLORABLE
LIFE AND DEATH
of *EDWARD* the
Second, KING of
ENGLAND.

Together with the Downefall of
the two Vnfortunate Faurits,
GAVESTONE and
SPENCER.

Storied in an Excellent
Poëm.

by Sir Thomas Warton

LONDON:
Printed for Roger Michell. 1628.

THE
DEPTIORABLE
LIFE AND DEATH

of EDWARD the

Second, King of

ENGLAND.



Printed in an Excellent

Press.

LONDON:

Printed for R. B. 1818.

(1)



THE
DEPLORABLE
Life and Death, of *Edward*
the Second, KING of
ENGLAND.

I

Sing thy sad disaster, (*fatall King*)
Carnarvan Edward, second of that name:
Thy Minions pride; thy State ill managing,
Thy Peeres revolt, the sequell of the same;
Thy *Life*, thy *Death* I sing, thy *sinne*, thy *shame*;
And how thou wert deprived of thy *Crowne*,
In highest Fortune, cast by *Fortune* downe.

2

Did I say *Fortune*? nay by *Folly* rather,
By vnrespect vnto the rules of State;
For let a Prince assure himselfe, to gather,
As he hath planted, either *Loue*, or *Hate*,
Contempt, or *Duty*; not the workes of Fate;
Much lesse of *Fortune*, but of due respects,
Two causes, which must needs produce effects.

A 3

As

(6)

As if a Prince doe lay his platforme right,
And then with courage prosecute the same;
His ends proue happy; but, by ouer-sight,
He that is weake, wholly subuertes the frame
Of his owne building, and doth idly blame
Fortune, which wise men make to wait on them:
But for a way-ward *Mistriffe*, fooles condemne.

In which *Discourse*, if I shall hap to touch
Those faults; that in our time are frequent growne,
Let not the gauld offender, winch or grudge:
For I intend a priuate wrong to none:
Onely I would haue those same errors knowne;
By which the *State*, did then to ruine runne,
That (warn'd by theirs) our age like sins might shun.

Nor doe I meane to bound my selfe so much,
As onely for to rye me to thole times:
The causes, courses, consequents i'll touch
Of latter ages, and of their designes;
And if detractions breath, doth blast my lines:
Be it, for me, I haue for my defence,
The priuy coate of harmlesse innocence.

And thou (*great King*) that now dost weild our *State*,
Building on that, which former times did square,
Oh let it not be thought to derogate
From thy perfections, (admirable rare)
If I some errors of these times declare:
Sure neuer *State* was so precisely good,
But faults haue scap'd, which could not be withstood.

For

For *men* are not like *God*, compleat Diuine,
Whom neither *passions* mooue, nor *errors* blinde;
Who is not limited with any time,
Nor tyde to meanes, nor into place confinde;
But free in all, no counter-check doth finde,
But worketh all in all, and nothing ill
To contradict the least part of his will.

Whereas our humane actions are all mixt,
Men liue in motion, so do their designs,
Nothing is simply good, or firmly fixt;
All haue defects, nature it selfe declines:
Darknesse oft clouds the clearest Sunne that shines;
Our purest streames are not without their mud,
And we mistake what oft we take for good.

Besides, *Kings* needs must see with others eies,
From whence mistaking cannot choose but spring,
And when th'offence from errors doth arise;
Why should men cast the enuy on the *King*,
And not on those that mis-informe the thing?
This is the gall most banes the Kingly *Throne*,
That, of his faults, the least part is his owne.

For he himselfe is blamelesse oft, (God knowes)
Except it be, because he doth not know
The noted scandals, that arise from those,
On whom he doth his fauours most bestow,
Which they abusing, discontents may grow
Against the Prince, though not deseruing them:
So apt we are, euen goodnesse to condemne.

11

Nor must we with a coale, straight marke or brand
 A Prince or State, because of some defect:
 Who can be free from Sulley (if't so stand)
 But that same Prince or State deserves respect,
 Whose actions doth in generall effect,
 And ayme at good; for in particulars,
 None can be so compleate, but often erres.

12

And much are they deceiu'd that thinke to finde,
 A State without a blemish, or a stayne,
 Conceite may cast Ideas in the minde,
 And forge strange formes (not practis'd in the braine,)
 But States consist of men, and men retaine
 This natue badge, which vnto all doth cleaue,
 That is, to be deceiu'd, and to deceiue.

13

The warlike Trumpet (sounding to the fight,)
 Commands the hearing more, then doth the reedy,
 Each eye is fixed on the *Eagles* flight,
 When little *Wrens* deserue not any heed;
 The greatest men shall haue the greatest meed:
 Marke who so list, and they shall finde it tride,
 That all mens eares to Princes tongues are tide.

14

Then let the World attend King *Edwards* words;
 The *second Edward*. (matter fit for moane,) (swords
 Whose smiles gaue life, whose frownes did wound like
 Whilst hee did sit vpon the Kingly *Throne*,
 Nor manded now nor mean'd by any one.
 So time cuts downe (we see) with fatall blow,
 Aswell proud Oakes, as humble shrubs below.

Imagine

(9)

15

Imagine with your selues, you see him come,
From forth the deepe darke cauerns of the earth,
Starued and pin'd, nothing but skin and bone,
In Princely plenty, suffering want and dearth,
As naked as an infant at his birth:

So pinching need doth pluck, what pride doth plant,
And wastfull ryor, is repaid with want.

16

And thus poore Prince begins his *Tragick* plaint,
Am I the same that was *first Edwards* sonne,
By nature borne to liue without restraint?
Were there for me so many *Trophies* won,
By *Long-shankes*? and such great atchiuements done:
I am the same, and he so great did leaue me,
As none (I thought) of greatnesse could bereaue me.

17

But now I finde by prooffe, that one there is,
And well it is, that there is such a one,
Who is not hood-winckt vnto our amisse,
And he can pull vs from our *Kingly Throne*,
For all our *Guards*, our *Forts*, our *Walls of Stone*.
Know *King*, how great and powerfull thou be,
The *King* of *Kings* still ruleth ouer thee.

18

I know that nature, (apt to ouer-weene)
May easly straine a Princes thoughts too high:
I know it is, and euermore hath beene,
A common couric to flatter *Maiesty*,
Greatnesse is apt to swim in *Surcudrie*;
Yet though like hils we ouer-looke low grounds,
All vertuous *Kings* confesse they haue their bounds.

And

19

And therefore though we haue *Prerogatives*,
 Yet there are certaine limits to the same,
 Which hinders *Kings* to be *Superlatiues*,
 To sway (as *Gods Lieutenants*) this faire frame,
 And those *Aspirers* merit Death and shame,
 That do repine against those *Supreame* powers,
 Whom *God* hath made his vnderlings, not ours.

20

And yet, although their *State* be free from force,
 That giues not Lawlesse liberty in all:
Kings must obserue a iust and rightfull course:
God is their King, by whom they stand, or fall,
 And euery *Art*, vnto account will call:
 Their oath, their vertue, and their owne renowne,
 Are Dyamantine chaines to tye a *Crowne*.

21

And such as are not moou'd with these respects,
 But make their might, to serue their will in all:
 Leauethem to *God*, who ruines and erects,
 Sets vp a *Dauid*, and puls downe a *Saul*:
 He prospers, Houses rise; he frownes, they fall:
 'Tis not discent, nor swords, nor force, nor fate,
 But *God* supports, and *God* supplants a *State*.

22

Nine *Kings* had ruled since the *Conquest* here,
 Whom I succeeded in a rightfull line:
 My father, (all domesticke tumults cleare)
 Did Warre, and win in fruitfull *Palestine*,
 This Northerne Sun euen to the *East* did shine:
 The *French* were fearefull, hearing but his name,
French, *Scots*, and *Turkes*, eternised his fame,

No

No *Realme* but did resound first *Edwards* praise,
 No praise was euer won with more desertis;
 And no desertis (though great) could counter-paile,
 Much lesse out Ballance, his Heroicke parts:
Mars taught him *Armes*, the *Muses* taught him *Arts*,
 Whereby so great he grew, that might there be,
 A *lone* on earth, that earthly *lone* was he.

A *King* may leaue his name vnto his *Sonne*,
 But to his *Sonne*, no *King* can leaue his Nature:
 In ourward forme and shape, they may seeme one,
 His Posture, Speech, both Countenance and Feature,
 May make the *Son* be thought the selfe-same Creature,
 I know in Face, *Sonnes* may be like the *Sires*,
 But Faces like, haue oft vnlike desires.

For why? our bodies made of Humane feede,
 Resemble them, whose matter was their making,
 Yea so farre forth, as often times we read
 Of many griefes hereditary, taking
 First roote from Parents loyues, and not forsaking
 Their issues issue, vntill many ages
 To wofull masters, most vnwelcome Pages.

But minds, not cast in any mortall mould,
 Insul'd from *Heauen*, not tide vnto succession,
 Are freely left (for so the *Maker* would)
 Vnto his wife, and prouident discretion,
 Like softned waxe, apt to receiue impression:
 But when the forme is once inprinted in,
 'Tis hardly lost, what Nature first did win.

27

'Tis somewhat to be borne of Noble seede,
 An honest belly beares a hopefull sonne;
 But yet (we see) good Parents often breed
 A wild and naked issue, which doe runne
 Most thriftles courses, till their liues be done:
 As was the Sire, the son himselfe will fashion,
 Is probable, but yet no demonstration.

28

Which is but truly instanced in mee,
 For I was farre vnlike my worthy Sire:
 A sowre *Crab* from sweetest *Apple-Trees*:
 A cloudy smoke, from Sun-bright shining fire,
 And that small good, which nature did inspire
 By soothing tongues, too soone was turn'd to ill;
 So smallest Frost vntimely fruit doth kill.

29

For when men did perceiue my youthfull itch
 To vaine delighr, and saw my minde affected
 But to the flight, where pleasure made the pitch,
 How all my Noble studies were neglected,
 My youth with ease, my ease with lust infected.
 Straight some sow'd pillowes vnder-neath my sin,
 And prais'd that most, that I delighted in.

30

Amongst the rest, one *Pierce* of *Gauestone*,
 French by his Birth, and French by his behauiour,
 (One that indeed was second vnto none,)
 In winding in himselfe to great mens fauour,
 That by their hazard, he might be the safer,
 When he did spie the marke, whereat I meant,
 Straight found the meanes, to giue my bow more bent.

We

31

Wee liu'd together euen from prime of yeares,
 Whereby our ioynt affections were combin'd,
 The mutuall consort of our infant pheares,
 Doth keepe a long possession of the minde,
 And many deepe impressions leaues behind:
 Wouldst thou haue loue last euen to the tombe,
 Then let it take beginning at the Wombe.

32

So hunts the *Hound*, and so the *Hawke* doth flye,
 As at first entrance they are made and man'd;
 And so those springing humours seldome dye,
 That in our first conceite ingraued stand,
 Though childish loue seeme to be built on sand;
 Yet euery one euen in himselfe may proue,
 He likes it still, that he at first did loue.

33

Princes, that doe intend your Heires such good,
 As shall inable them for to succeede,
 And no way to disparrage their high blood:
 Oh, let it be your most respectiue heed,
 To sow their tender yeares with vertues seede;
 For so the well, or ill manured field
 As it is till'd, doth Corne, or Cockle yeild.

34

In-ure their youth vnto their Peeres commerce,
 From whence some seeds of liking first will grow,
 Which euen the soule it selfe in time will pierce,
 And prooue a constant zeale, from whence will flow
 All dutious offices, that men may thew.
 And then designs of Princes happiest proue,
 When their great Peeres do serue, because they loue.
 Besides

35

Besides, there is a secret trust repold
 In those, whom long assurance hath combin'd,
 And when we know how humours are dispos'd,
 We frame our Counsells fitter to the minde,
 Unsounded natures sharpest iudgements blind;
 And those, we intertaine with difference,
 Of whom we haue but small expetience.

36

So that to win a trust, to plant a loue,
 To gaine a seled seruice of the Peeres;
 This is the way which wisest Princes proue,
 To glew them close euen in their infant yeares,
 And here my *Fathers* error much appeares,
 Who did ingraft mee into *Gauessione*,
 By co-uniting both our loues in one.

37

Hee was in face a *Cupid*, or more faire;
 A *Mercury* in speech, or else as much;
 In *Affline* vigor, he was *Marshis* heire;
 In wit loue-bred; *Minerva* was not such;
 But all those guilts will not abide the touch,
 Except with inward vertues of the mind,
 Beauty, and Speech, Strength, Wit, are all refin'd.

38

Why then should *Nature* set so faire a glosse
 Vpon a minde, that sinne doth see deforme?
 Why should she *gild* and *polish* such base drosse,
 As if she did the *Soules* perfection scorne?
 And onely would *impiety* adorne:
 Or else seduce those mindes from iudging right,
 Who doe conformance their censure to their sight.

But

39

But oft we see a sweete and milde aspect,
 A comely presence pleasing vnto all;
 A Face that seemes all vertue to affect,
 Doth hide a heart of stone, a minde of gall,
 A crabbed will, a soule to sinne most thrall;
 And therefore, he in iudgement shoots awry,
 That daily takes his leuell from the eye.

40

Because the glorious inside of the minde,
 Hath no dependance on the outward forme:
 In which, if erring nature proue vnkinde,
 And disproportions do the shape deforme,
 She commonly endeauours to reforme:
 The bodies errors, with the minds supply,
 So richest lems in earths base intrayles lye.

41

The face is false, the looke is but a lyer:
 The habit and the heart doe much dissent,
 For good pretences cloake a bad desire;
 Faire complements do guide a false intent,
 Who doth relye on them, may chance repent
 Which was my case, and caus'd my ouer-throw.
 And I did prize the substance, by the show.

42

If I may vse that word without controule,
 If euer any *Metempsychosis* was
 I thinke, the last *Assirian* Monarchs soule,
 By due discent to *Ganestone* did passe,
 For he a right *Sadanapalus* was,
 Drown'd in delights, if one may terme them so,
 That hatch in lust, and breath their last in woe.

That

43

This highest Scholler in the Schoole of Sinne;
 This *Centaur* halfe a Man, and halfe a Beast;
 This pleasing *Siren*, so my soule did winne,
 That he was deere to me aboue the rest,
 Looke what he sayd, was Gospell at the least:
 Looke what he did, I made my *president*
 So soone we learne, what we too late repent.

44

This *Angel-Diuell*, thus shin'd in my heart:
 This *Dragon* hauing got the golden Fruite;
 My very Soule to him I did impart;
 Nor was I euer deafe vnto his suite,
 He acted all, I was a silent mure.
 My being, seem'd to be in him alone,
Plantagnet was turn'd to *Gauestone*.

45

And hauing seized me into his hands,
 (For feare belike) that he should be discas'd;
 He thought to tye me still in straighter bands,
 By praying that where-with my minde was pleas'd,
 Affirming that our liues were to be eas'd
 Of many cumber, which the curious wise
 Had layd on men, the more to *Tyrannize*.

46

For what are Lawes but seruile obseruations,
 Of this, or that, what pleas'd the makers minde,
 The selfe-conceited sowne imaginations,
 Of working braines, which did in freedome finde
 Our humane State, which they (forsooth) would binde,
 To what they like, what likes nor was forbidden:
 So Horse and Mule with bit and spur are ridden.

Which

Which well inuented *Star-crowes* though they serue,
 For mud-borne men to keepe them in some awe;
 Yet *princes* are not borne, so to obserue,
 The strickt pretisenes of th'incombring *Law*,
 Which their high *State* to base contempt doth draw;
Kings, made those *Lawes*, & *Kings* may break them now,
 That pleas'd them then, and this now pleaseth you.

No, no (*sweet prince*) saith he, there is no *Law*
 Can bind a *King*, but onely his desire;
 And that full well th'*Assirian* Monarch saw,
 Who had, before them, borne consuming fire,
 (Emblem of Regall power,) which all admire:
 But none must touch for feare of following harmes,
 For fire we know consumes as well as warmes.

The *Spiders* web holds fast the silly *Flye*,
 The *Hornet* breakes it, (like a mighty *Lord*)
 That *King* of *Kings*, when he could not varye
 The *Gordian* knot, deuides it with his *Sword*;
 That act of his, fit matter doth afford
 For *President*, were I, as thou shalt be,
 I'd rule the *Law*, it should not gouerne me.

Except it were the golden *Law* of Nature,
 Sweete Nature (sweetest mother of ys all),
 Which hath insul'd thus much to euery Creature,
 To loue the Honey, and to loath the Gall:
 To serue delight, not to be sorrowes thrall;
 For pleasure doth with Nature so agree,
 As *Bees* with *Huie*, as Honey with the *Bee*.

51

For in the *prologue* of our Infant play,
 Euen in our *Cradle*, we do crie and yell
 For *Nurses* brest: why so? for food (y'ould say,) T
H
T
 Tis true, and food (say I) doth please vs well,
 As hunger seemes to be a second Hell:
 So that in *truth*, the motiue of our crie
 Is to be fed, and to be pleas'd thereby.

52

As in our *prologue*, so in our next act,
 (I meane in childish yeares) who doth not see,
 That euery thought of ours, and word, ~~and~~ fact,
 Do ayme at sport, at pastime, and at glee
 VVhich daily cares, and mighry studies be:
 Witnesse the checke, the rods, the blowes we take,
 The many blowes, and all for pleasures sake.

53

But when our *Youth* doth step vpon the *Stage*,
 The sweetest part that any man can play;
 Then pleasing loue, and hope (loues pleasing pay)
 And courage, hopes attendant night and day,
 And *Fortune*, seldome saying courage may,
 VVith full sail'd course doth carry vs amaine,
 To seeke the course where full content doth raigne.

54

Not staying here still Nature drives vs on
 To new delights, but of a diuers kind,
 For middle age to armes will needes begon,
 With honors sweet, to feed his hungry minde,
 And what is honor but a pleasing winde:
 Remember what the famous *Grecian* saies,
 The sweetest *musicke* is a mans owne praise.

Next

55

Next elder age, and silver seeming haire,
 By Nature run full chase, still after pleasure,
 For (oh) the solace of the wayning yeares,
 To view their *ruddocks*, and their heapes of treasure,
 To weigh and tell their *gold* at euery leasure,
 For great it is, speak they that rather choose, (loose.
Gold should loose them, then they their *gold* should

56

The *Epslogue* of all our former time,
 More hunts for ioy, then any of the rest,
 Decrepit age doth pray before the prime,
 VVith fearefull eies, and knockes vpon the brest,
 And giues his *Almes* to them that are distrest:
 And what's his end? that he might *Heauen* obtaine:
 And what is *Heauen*? pleasure voide of paine.

57

And as the minde hath motions to effect,
 So haue we meanes to satisfie the mind,
 Our little world, is made with much respect,
 Our mother Nature, hath beene wise and kind
 By whom we haue apt *Orgaines* assign'd,
 To execute what so our thoughts intend,
 And all our thoughts, ayme at some pleasing end.

58

Is not the *Head* the *Store-house* of conceits,
 Plotting the meanes to compasse our delight?
 Our *Eyes* attendants that do daily waite
 Vpon such obiects as may please our sight?
 VVitnesse the *Cherry-cheeke*, and *Brow* milke-white:
 Witnesse no other witnesse but my wish,
 How *Sight* and *Soule* both like, and longs for this.

B 2

VVhan

59

What minde, what man, what man of any minde
 That is not touch'd and mou'd, with musickes sound ?
 Whose deepe impressions, worke in brutish kinde,
 As *Dolphins*, else *Arion* had beene drown'd,
 The sauage *Beasts*, that would not *Orpheus* wound,
 The sencelesse stones, whom *Phoebus* Harp did moue,
 Do witnesse all, how all doe Musicke loue.

60

The bubling murmur of a sliding *Spring*,
 That seemes to runne with sweet, yet sullen mind
 By which, the winged *Quiers* in Consort sing
 With faire fac't *Eunuches*, *Cherpres* of their kind,
 Whose Notes are answered with a soft still wind ;
 Whilst some desired Dame, cheares all with kisses,
 Who would not hold that place, a Heauen of blisses.

61

As Head, and Eyes, and eares, so are our Hands
 Flesh, hookes to draw, and gather all vnto vs,
 That with our pleasure, and our profit stands,
 Thrusting a side what euer may vndoe vs,
 For which employments are allotted to vs :
 Two *Hands*, two *Feete*, the agents of our wills,
 To follow, rest, and flye from restlesse ill:

62

So likewise, in the structure of this *Frame*,
 VVhat is not made for pleasure, with much art ?
 So likewise in the guidance of the same,
 VVhat is denide vs that may please the Heart ?
 Most sencelesse man, what man so ere thou art,
 That in the very fulnesse of such store,
 By wilfull wants, wilt make thy selfe most poore.

63

In heate of *Summer*, when the burning *Sunne*
 Doth crust the earth, are there not shady bowers ?
 Are there not *riuers* that doe mildly runne ;
 And now and then some cooling dewie showers,
 To keepe the beauty of the blooming flowers,
 Wherewith our mother earth's lo fairely delight,
 That she allures her Children to delight.

64

I will not speake of euery dayes delight,
 They are so various, full of rareties
 But are there not sweet pleasures for the night ?
 Maskes, Reuels, Banquets, mirthfull Comedies,
 Night Songs, eu'n Natures dearest prodigies,
 Which worke in men with powerfull influence,
 As hauing their first life, best motion thence.

65

If then the mouer of this glorious round,
 Hath wisely fitted each thing so to pleasure :
 May he not seeme his order to confound,
 That barrs himselfe from this same earthlie treasure ?
 And to delight doth limit sparing measure ?
 Is't euer like, he would haue made things thus,
 But that they should be fully vs'd by vs ?

66

And that I may not run about the *Field*,
 But keepe my selfe in compasse of the *King*,
 I will omit the rich and fruitfull yeild,
 Of pleasure, pointing onely at the *Spring*,
 The tast whereof such perfect blisse doth bring,
 As I doe thinke none other *Heauen* there is,
Heauen pardon me, if that I thinke amisse.

B 3

This

67

This is (*sweete Ned*) the Paradise of loue,
 The ioy of life, and life of our conceite,
 The Heauenly fire infused from aboue,
 On which the *Muses*, and the *Graces* waite,
 The bodies health, soules hope, and Natures baite,
 The quintessence of pure essentiall sweete,
 The point where all the lines of pleasure meete.

68

Sweete loue, that hast sweete beauty for thy obiect,
 Wise loue, that dost conuert both soules and hearts:
 Great loue, to whom the greatest King is subiect:
 Pure loue, that sublimates our earthly parts,
 And makes them ayery by ingenious arts:

Oh, let my *Ned*, my *Prince*, my *loue* possesse
 The ioyes, I would, but cannot well expresse,

69

And thou, sweete *Ned*, experience but the pleasure,
 Trye what it is to loue, and bee reputed,
 And I will pawne my life (my greatest treasure)
 With one sweete night, thou wilt be so delighted,
 That thou wilt wish the world were still benighted:
 Then say (*deare Prince*) when thou the same dost
 No Heauen but ioy, nor any ioy but loue. (proue,

70

Oh see the fruites of ill abused wits,
 What hurt is wrought by arm'd impiety:
 Thrice wretched soules, that ill with art commit,
 And surfet with the sweete satiety
 Of *Graces*, giuen them by the Deity:
 Were all such mindes brought vp to Plough and Cart,
 Learning should haue their due, they their desert.

I see

I see the rule holds true, the best of all
 Being corrupted, turnes vnto the worst;
 And so those damned spirits, before their fall
 Most blessed, (chang'd from what they were at first)
 Are now most wretched, vile, and most accurst:
 Looke what degree of goodnesse things retainē,
 Whilst they are good, being ill, they so remaine.

With such and many more, more wanton gloses,
 Whereat thy virgin *Muse*, will blush for shame;
 VVith vnchast words, and Pander-like supposes,
 This *Gauesstone* so brought me out of frame,
 That I neglected *Father, Friends, and Fame*:
 And to those pleasures onely was respectiue,
 That to my *Fancy* seemed most delectiue.

We see how soone our sweetest Buds are blasted:
 How soone our fairest colours loose their flourish?
 How easily are the seedes of virtue wasted,
 And noysome weedes of vice how much we nourish,
 VVhich doth the soule of her chiefe wealth impouerish:
 "Youth apt to stray, is easily led awry,
 VVe fall by Nature, what needes flattery.

And yet it hath too much to worke vpon,
 The vnexperience of our yonger yeares,
 The heate of blood, which easily drawes vs on;
 Vngrounded hopes and fond surmised feares,
 The courses intertain'd by like compeares:
 Our owne desert, our *parents* louing care;
 This Diuell doth vse as traps vnto his snare.

75

And soone it will the least aduantage finde
 Whereby it may creepe into mens conceite,
 Obseruing first, to what they were inclinde,
 Which once perceiu'd it fits the humour straight,
 Still keeping fashion, but still wanting weight,
 In complements most seemingly precise,
 And that faire Maske, blinds vn suspecting eyes.

76

But like as those diseases faster grow,
 VVhose mouing causes our complexions feede,
 So farre more dangerous is this priuate Foe,
 That doth attire himselfe in friendships weede,
 Then he that shewes his hate by open deede,
 For *Armes*, or *Lawes*, or *Friends* may fence the one,
 Th'other, *God* himselfe must shield, or none.

77

So *Synon* did the *Troian* State confound:
 So gilded *Tombes* are full of rotten earth:
 So *Crocodils*, although they weepe, they wound:
 So *Pansbers* circumuent with their sweet breath:
 Sy *Syrens* though they sing, their tunes are death;
 And yet as *Fish* bite most at hony bates,
 Euen so are men most caught with sweet deceites.

78

Therefore be pleas'd to heare a plaine Discourse,
 Suspect the tongue that's still tun'd to the eare;
 Faire *Truth* is not for nakednesse the worse;
 But falshoods many ornaments must weare,
 Least all her foule deformities appeare:
 VVhich *Art* can flourish ouer fit for *Court*,
 VVhile simple *Truth* to *Deserts* doth resort.

And

And this is that waste Sea of misery,
 In which the greatest Monarchs most are drown'd,
 That they are seldome free from flattery;
 Pretences being colourably found,
 To sooth that humor, that doth most abound;
 And so the *Prince* runnes on from ill to worse,
 And still's perswaded best of his bad course.

Whereby the danger on himselfe doth fall,
 The gaine vnto the *Favourite* accreues;
 For grieued Subiects being wrong'd withall
 Forgetting Duty, impiously pursues
 Meanes of reuenge, whence danger oft insues.
 Meane while the man, that fed the humour so,
 Fals off perhaps; and scapes the coming blow.

Therefore let *Kings* preferre them that are plaine,
 And make such gear, as do not greatnesse feare:
 Such serue their Lords for loue, and not for gaine,
 Th'are iewels of the heart not of the eare,
 They will discouer dangers that are neere;
 When oyled *Tongues* will still make all secure;
 And carelesse greatnesse euer stands vnure.

But why should I giue rules, sith I kept none,
 Why should I teach, and neuer could obay?
 Only for this, why, I was ouer-throwne,
 Others may looke least they be cast away;
 And they that make this vse, thrice happy they:
 Because by others wrackes themselves may read,
 How to preuent their owne mishaps with heed.
 Sooth'd

83

Sooth'd thus in sinne, all goodnesse was forgotten,
 My *Fathers* words of no esteeme were growne :
 And I that scarce seem'd ripe, was straight found rotten :
 Like fruite that is from *Trees* vntimely blowne :
 But that tooke roote, which *Gauesstone* had sowne.
 And sprouted so, that it did seed at last,
 So worthlesse seedes we see do grow too fast.

84

For at the first I was asham'd of sinne ;
 But sinne did say, my greatest sinne was shame,
 Then by degrees did I delight therein :
 And from delight did I desire the same,
 And my desires so prosp'rously did frame,
 That now I could with *Gauesstone* coniuie,
 So doth the *Bramble* with the *Thistle* thriue.

85

Which when mine aged *Father* did perceiue,
 With many teares (the messengers of moane)
 He did bewaile himselfe, that he should leaue
 His *Crowne* to me, and me to *Gauesstone* :
 I in my *Sonne* (saith he) am ouerthrowne ;
 My blisse, my bane ; my peace procures my strife,
 First *Edward* dies, in *Second Edwards* life.

86

To bee a *Father* was mine onely ioy ;
 And now my griefe it is to be a *Father*,
 Why should my *iollace* turne to mine annoy :
 Why planted I *hearts-ease*, and *Rue* must gather ?
 As I did *sow*, I should haue reaped rather,
 My hopefull *Haruest* proues but *Thistles* weedes,
 And for the bloud I gaue, my heart now bleeds.

For

For (oh) how neere a touch doth Nature giue?
 How searching are the sufferings of our blood:
 How much the *Fathers* soule doth ioy or grieve,
 When he doth see his issue bad or good?
 It's hard of any to be vnderstood;
 Except of those whose feelings bowels find,
 What deepe impressions doe proceed from kind.

Wise was the *Prince*, who playing with his *Sonne*,
 And teaching him to ride vpon a *Reede*:
 To whom a great *Ambassador* did come,
 And seem'd to blush at his so childish deede;
 Doe not (quoth he) to iudgement yet proceed:
 I onely craue a respite of thy doome,
 Till thou thy selfe, art *Father* of a *Sonne*.

Inferring, that there is a secret loue,
 Which vntouch't hearts can hardly comprehend,
 Would *God* the same reciprocall might proue:
 Oh that kinde Nature would sometimes ascend,
Fathers too oft in indulgence offend:
 But *Sonnes* more oft in duty proue defectiue,
 These wayward times are growne so vnrespectiue.

Nature so wrought, that *Cressus* sonne cried out,
 Who from his birth before had not spoke word:
 When he did see a *Souldier* goe about
 To kill the *King* his *Father* with a sword:
 Could Nature then such presidents afford?
 Was she so powerfull then, now weakned so,
 That *Sonnes* themselves now work their *Fathers* woe.
 But

91

But foolish man, why doe I blame my *Sonne*,
 Whose yet vnknowing yeares, by ill aduise
 Being led away, a dangerous course doth runne?
 For youths hot blood forgets cold ages yce,
 And whilst his hand is in doth throw the Dice
 At all, that pleasure sets, and thinkes to gaine,
 If with the byc he can discharge the maine.

92

Sweete *Ned*, I blame not thee but *Gauessont*,
 For he it is that sitteth at the Helme,
 And steeres the Sterne at pleasure, thou art blowne:
 Nor will he leaue, till he doth oner-whelme
 In deepest gulfe thy selfe, and all thy Realme,
 For stirring spirits do troubl'd streames desire,
 And then thrive best, when all are set on fire.

93

Obserue those wasted *States* that do decline,
 How apt they are for innouation,
 How much they doe 'gainst publick good repine,
 And hopefully expect an alteration,
 That whilst things are vnsted'd out of fashion,
 They may close vp the wounds they had before,
 And by that meanes their priuate wants restore.

94

Therefore let those that haue a grounded *State*
 And may liue well, ioyne close in any wise,
 Against all such as seeke to innouate,
 If not in duty, yet in good aduise
 To keep such downe, as hope perhaps to rise
 Vpon their ruines, whose reuenewes may
 Cut short their liues, sure proue the spoilers pray.

Am

95

And with these linkes such spirits as would rise,
 But are by former great ones still suppress,
 And such do dangerous Stratagems deuise,
 Nor will their egar hopes afford them rest,
 But mouat they must, who euer be deprest
 And little do they force the *States* confusion,
 May they thereby to greatnesse make intrusion.

96

And to this end they are obsequious still,
 They sooth, they fawne, they seeme officious:
 They fit themselues to their great mouers will
 Be't good or bad, iust, or iniurious,
 They serue euen turnes, base, and luxurious:
 But I'le provide a wholesome Methridate,
 So to preuent these poisons of the *State*.

97

And firmly settled in this resolution
 By strict command, was *Ganeſtione* exil'd
 I begg'd of him to stop th'execution:
 But then my *Father* shak'd his head, and smil'd,
 Oh *Ned*, quoth he, how much art thou beguil'd,
 To foster that, which will thy downefall be;
 And warme the *Snake* that will inuenome thee.

98

I with, my selfe an *Eccho* at that word,
 That I might then haue boldly answer'd thee;
 For neuer was there sharpest edged sword,
 That wounded more, then that same wounded me;
 But go he must, that was the *Kings* decree:
 And when he went, then dy'd my bloudlesse heart,
 So doth the body from my soule depart.

Then

The former times haue held it good aduise,
 That some offender should abiure the *Land*,
 But 'tis a course both dangerous and vnwise,
 And with no rules of Regiment can stand,
 For if the matter be with iudgement scand,
 It will appeare to men considerate,
 That abijuration hurts both *Prince* and *State*.

I do not meane of men that are not mist,
 For who respects the humming of a *Gnat*?
 Such *Attornies* may wander where they list,
 Their muddy pates can neither frame the plat,
 Nor feeble hands worke danger to the *State*.
 Let men of note be mark'd, and wary heed
 Be had of them that may disturbance breed.

And 'tis not safe to banish such a one,
 As may finde meanes to worke his owne returne:
 So *Bullingbrooke* slept in to *Richards* throne,
 And he had leasure afterwards to mourne *Henry 4.*
 His foolish fault, such Med'cines may adiourne
 The present paine a while; but makes the sore
 To raue more felly then it did before.

Mild drugs may stirre the humors that abound,
 But will not quite expell the growing ill;
 The roote and body both remaining sound:
 Although the *Tree* be lopt, yet thrives it still.
 But when thou hast the *Axe* to vse at will,
 Strike at the roote, and fell it to the ground,
 Rather then pare the boughes and branches round.

For 'tis lost labour to beginne with them,
 They needes must wither, if the other die;
 And do not feare, though vulgar breath condemne
 Thy carriage, in such courses; whose weake eie
 Lookes at the present only, and thereby

Values the rest; do thou make good thy end,
 The common sort will euer be thy friend.

Wise *Longshankes* (yet in this thou wert vnwise)
 If thou hadst tooke the head of *Gauessone*:
 Those subsequent disasters that did rise
 From him, had beene preuented euery one:
 Thy *Sonne* had not beene shouldred from his *Throne*;
 Thy *Peeres* not slaine, nor *Realmes* to ruine brought
 But so God workes, till all his will be wrought.

My *Gauessone* thus driuen into Exile,
 My selfe committed like a Captiue thrall:
 (For so my *Father* kept me short a while)
 VVith bitter curses I did ban them all:
 I dranke my teares, and fed vpon my gall:
 I chaf'd and fround, yet could I not preuaile,
 Needs must, wilbe, faine would, doth often faile.

Then were my colours turn'd to mournfull blacke,
 I did put on the liuery then of care,
 Like to the hopelesse Sea-man in a wracke,
 That sees the greedy waues deuoure his share,
 No otherwise did thoughtfull *Edward* fare;
 When sad remembrance in my soule did plant
 His lot, my losse, his woe, my pleasures want.

107

The chiefest Cordiall of my griued soule,
 The one and onely period of my paine,
 Was this, that Death admitting no controule,
 Would end my *Father's* wrath, his Life, his Raigne,
 And then (thought I) *Ned* will haue *Pierce* againe:
 When *Englands* Crowne shall make a *loue* of me,
 Then *Ganeflon* my *Ganimed* shalbe,

108

As I did hope, so had my hopes successe,
 For shortly after did my Noble *Sir*,
 VVhilst he prepar'd the *Scots* for to suppress:
 Loe now (quoth I) I haue my hearts desire,
Longshankes is dead, his water, ayre, and fire,
 Are turn'd to earth, and earthly might he be,
 That on the earth did keepe the Crowne for me.

109

Yet in that sad dismafull houre of dying
 No grieffe did him more feelingly distresse,
 Then that his vicious Sonne, al vertue flying,
 Should ruine that by ryot and excesse,
 VVhich he had built with so great carefulnesse;
 And therefore for to weane me from such finnes,
 These well run'd Notes this dying *Swan*-beginnes:

110

My Sonne (quoth he) for in that name of zeale,
 My words may proue of more effectuall power,
 VVhy shouldst thou so, with thy sicke *Father* deale,
 As to torment him in his parting houre,
 VVhose life hath had his portion full of sowe?
 And yet to make my measure fuller still,
 My Sonne doth daily adde vnto my will.

I know

111

I know what 'tis by many dire extreames,
 To keepe the Crowne vpright vpon the head:
 I know the troublous sleeps, and frightfull dreames
 That houer still about a Princely bed;
 The worne of greatnesse (iealouse) is bred
 Out of it selfe, yet this I know withall,
 Our powerfull sway doth sweeten all our gall.

112

But for thy selfe, and for my heart-breake grieffe,
 That out of thy sin-shipt-wracke youth doth grow,
 No circumstance yeilds colour of reliefe;
 The cause excuselesse, limitlesse the woe,
 That doth from thy fall sea of follies flowe:
 For foulest faulcs proceede from powerfull ill,
 And subiects sort themselves to Princes still.

113

Thou dost not onely by thy vicious lining,
 Bereaue thy soule of blisse, which virtue winnes,
 But also by thy ill example giuing,
 Thou dost attra& weake mindes vnto like finnes,
 For certainly the Subiect euer swims,
 Iust with the streame, so growing like to thee)
 A generall deluge of all sinne will be.

114

Much better had it beene, thou hadst not beene,
 Then that thy being, should so ruine all:
 Oh wherefore was thy birth-day euer seene,
 If by thy life, the State it selfe doth fall
 To those foule finnes, which wrath from Heauen do call,
 By whose iust doome such States confounded are
 By Forraine fury, or domesticke ware.

C

For

117

For when the seed of sinne to ripenesse growes,
 Then Iustice with a Sicke doth mowe it downe:
 This, that it is, that Kingdomes over-throwes,
 Layes wast the field, yapeoples euery towne :
 Or if not so, disorders yet the Crowne,
 Although it prooue no generall desolation,
 Yet many dangers grow by innovation.

116

When my Heauen-seeking soule shall leaue her Inn,
 And this my flesh clos'd in a house of clay,
 Then will my shame suruiue me in thy sinne,
 And Babes vnborne, will ban my births, and say
 His wretched life, gaue life to our decay;
 And had no other ill by him bin done,
 He sinn'd too much in getting such a sonne.

117

Did I for this indure the dust and Sunne,
 Dis-lodg'd at mid-night, march in mid-day heare?
 Where *Turkish*, *French*, and *Scottish* trophies wonne?
 Was all my care employ'd to make thee great,
 That some might dispossesse thee of thy Seate?
 Oh then I see that greatnesse soone is gone,
 When God drawes not the plot men builds vpon.

118

And my diuining soule doth sadly see,
 Thy ruine in thy riot (oh my *Ned*,)
 When I am gone, a King then shalt thou be;
 But if thou still bee'st with thy passions led,
 Thou wilt not keep thy crown vpon thy head,
 My soule now parting from the earthy cage,
 Fore-tels thee so, in her propheticke rage.

Well

Well Sonne, I feele my faltring tongue doth faile,
 Therefore this short abridgement I doe make;
 Feare God, loue virtue, let the right preuaile,
 Shunne suddaine courses, Parasites forsake:
 Dis-faour not thy Peeres, their Counsels take
 For thy designs, reuoke not *Gauesstone*,
 For he will prooue the canker of thy throne.

Pursue those *Scottish* warres I haue in hand,
 And for because my soule did make a vow
 Vnto my God, to serue in holy Land,
 From which this sicknes interdicts me now,
 Though Death disable me, effect it thou:
 Embowell me, and thither beare my heart,
 That I therein at last, may haue some part.

And you my Lords, speaking vnto his Peeres:
 Whose wealth and greatnesse, I haue much increast,
 Be Fathers to my sonnes vntuterd yeares,
 Loue him for me; though *Longshankes* be deceast,
 Let not *Gauesstones* exile be releast,
 Least his repeale occasion ciuill strife,
 And so first *Edward* ends both speech and life.

Thus Death that Herald that euen Kings doth summon;
 The Pursuant that doth attach great Peeres:
 The City Seriant, whose arrest is common:
 The errant-bayliffe, that a Proceffe beares,
 And no place bounds, but serues it in all Shieres:
 The generall Surueior of each one,
 Did bring my Father to his longest home.

123

The Obsequies and Ceremonies done,
 Then I was Crown'd, me thought the Sun did dance;
 And that the Thames with siluer streames did runne;
 Likewise the Startes did all applaud my chance,
 That did my State vnto a Crowne aduance:
 Smile Starres, dance Sunne, and Riuer run with mirth,
Carnaryan Edward is a god on earth.

124

But all the Starres to blazing Commets turn'd,
 Whose sad vprise presag'd my dreiry fate;
 The Riuers seem'd as if they wept and mourn'd;
 The Sunne did neuer shine vpon my State,
 Starres, Streames, and Sunne, saw me vnfortunare:
 Disastrous man, so borne, to suffer wracke,
 As is the Æthiop to be alwayes blacke.

125

Obserue the man whom Fates haue slau'd to grieffe;
 See how the wretch that's destin'd Fortunes foe,
 Wilbe a rub to turne away reliefe
 Euen from himselfe, and weaue his owne wrought wor,
 Harme after him, he after harme shall goe:
 (Forspoken man) & neuer but successlesse,
 Himselfe, his hurt, and yet his hurt redresslesse.

126

Nay euen those very meanes which he shall vse
 In good discretion to preuent the clap,
 Shalbe returned vnto his abuse,
 And serue for pullies of his owne mishap,
 So though he see, he shall not shun the trap;
 And if his ruine were not ripe before,
 His owne designes shall hasten it the more.

The

127

The King of *Epire* fearing death at home,
 Fore-warn'd thereof by former Prophecie:
 To *Italy* forth-with must needs begon,
 So to prevent his fault by pollicy;
 But still he's follow'd by his destiny.

In *Italy*, he findes an *Acharon*

The fatall floud from which he would begon.

128

Fourth *Henry* was by some blinde Bard fore-told,
 That he should neuer dye till he had seene
Ierusalem; fourth *Henry* wilbe old,
Ierusalem for him shalbe vnsene:

No he shal see it, when he least doth weene,
 He sounds at prayers, and by religious men,
 Is straight conuey'd vnto *Ierusalem*.

129

For so the place was call'd where he was lay'd,
 And shortly after did the Noble King
 In vaine men strue, the heauens wilbe obey'd,
 We may fore-know, but not prevent a thing,
 Our felues will neuer cease, till we do bring
 Our fates to full effect, and all we do
 Shalbe but lines to lead vs thereunto.

130

For first I doe those Councillors remoue,
 That in my Fathers raigne had borne most sway,
 Whereby I did disarm me of their loue,
 To practizes and discontents made way,
 Expose my selfe to enuy, open lay
 To disadvantage, wanting their aduise.
 Whom long imployment had made deeply wise.

C 3

Besides

131

Besides, I did the publique State some wrong,
 So to cast off these grounded Politicians,
 VVho knew to gouerne, by, commaunding long.
 Had scene, and well obseru'd mens dispositions,
 And so could tell when, where, how impositions
 Where to be rais'd, how to auoide offence,
 How to gaine men and ends, with faire pretence.

132

VVho likewise knew how other Kingdomes stood,
 The concordances of each Neighbouring state:
 How Realmes best correspond for eithers good:
 How to make Leagues, how to negotiate:
 VVhen to breake off, and when to incorporate:
 How farre remote, and neere considers too,
 Are to be weigh'd, as they haue meanes to doe.

133

Tis not the practice of a day or twaine:
 Tis not the Schooles, or Sophisters debate:
 Tis not the foame of querry working braine:
 Tis not the flart into a neighbouring state,
 That workes men fit to beare a Kingdomes weight;
 VVhen men are fully made, imploy them then,
 For 'tis an arte of artes to gouerne men.

134

Therefore I hold it for a certaine ground,
 VVhich new made Princes must not violate,
 Except they will the Common-wealth confound:
 Not to discard those men that knew the State,
 VVhole long experience, ingenerate
 A true and perfect method to commaund,
 Both for the Princes good and for the Land.

Besides

Besides this fault, scarce settled in my State,
I straight recal'd exiled *Gauestone*,
VWho by my many fauours grew so great,
That I did seeme to him to liue alone :

I *Alexander*, hee *Stephestion* :

Oh no, I wrong them to vsurpe their names,
Our loues were like, but farre vnlike their fames.

Heere, I did violate my Fathers will,
And all respect of duty did despise
To wrong the dead, is sacriligious ill,
A clog which endlesse on the conscience lies,
And at the latest gaspe for vengeance cries,
And lo the feares and doubts turkes close within
That restless soule, that's guilty of such sinne.

VWhen all his ioynts are rack't with dying paine,
VWith cold dead sweat all couer'd ouer quite :
What thorney thoughts will then distract his braine ?
How shall he dare t'approach his fathers sight ?
Whose dying words he lately set so light,
He'le feare his friends, suspect his wife e't-soone,
And sighing thinke, they'le do, as I haue done.

It is too common to betray the trust,
That by testators is in friends repos'd :
But marke Gods iudgement, how seuer, how iust,
How to the nature of the sinne dispos'd :
Euen I my selfe, was by my sonne depos'd ;
I that infring'd my fathers dying hest,
Was in my life, by my owne sonne distressed.

Mee, that a Siere did wrong a sonne did wrong,
 I that did shew my selfe degenerate,
 As I had sowne, so did I reape ere long
 Such sinne it is our faith to violate:
 Oh deepest doome of all fore-seeing fate.
 How wisely are thy fearefull iudgements fitted,
 To punish sinne as sinne was first committed.

The Giants heap'd y^p Hills to climbe the Skie,
 I honors heap'd, that *Gauellone* might clime,
 They did contend with *Ioue*, and fell thereby,
 He with my Peeres, and perish'd in his prime,
 They thriu'd at first, but fell in after time;
 His Prologue sweet, but sad was his last act,
 So fairest glasse (men say) is soonest crackt.

These were the honors that he did attaine,
 The Earle of *Cornwall*, and the Lord of *Man*,
 Chiefe *Secretary*, Lord great *Chamberlaine*;
 And for his wife, the *Glossters* sister was:
 Aspiring men see how great Monarchs can,
 Aduance their States, whom they do please to fauour,
 Who serues the King doth seldom leese his labour.

Though Poëts fictions seeme to fauour much
 Of idle errors, yet they haue their sence;
 King *Midus* turn'd to gold all he did touch:
 The Morrall thus, the fauour of the Prince,
 His gracious touch, may guild without offence
 His greatest wants, and make him for to fore
 A lofty pitch, that did but creepe before

143

Not all the painefull passages one spends,
 In serious contemplation of deepe artes,
 Nor any one employment so commends
 The Agent, (though a man of rarest parts ;)
 As when the Prince but one sweete smile imparts,
 One looke of loue, one eye-glance of delight,
 Hath power to change dark clouds to Snas most bright.

144

The eyes of Kings are more then simple eies,
 They are the Starres that do predominate
 Th'affaires of men, and in their influence lies
 The good or bad of euery ones estate,
 Th'are the primum-moblie of fate :
 They whirle about their fortunes as they list,
 And as they fauour, we are curst or blest.

145

A Kings smooth brow, is the true dwelling place
 Of honour, weakh, dependancy, respect,
 And in this wrinckled fore-head liues disgrace ;
 Death, exile, want, a generall neglect,
 A world of ills let that poore wretch expect :
 Be it, all Rivers to the Sea must runne,
 And euery light receiue light from the Sunne.

146

Let them be great whom Kings resolute to grace,
 It is a priuiledge that is their owne,
 To raise such as they please to wealth or place,
 Is truly proper to the Princely throwne,
 And hath not beene denide to any one :
Lewes of France, did say he spent his Raigne,
 In making and in marring men againe.

Some

147

Some by the Schoole, some by the Lawes do mount:
 Some by the Sword, and some by Nauigation,
 As streames haue had, though not the selke same fount,
 Shall only Kings admit a limitation;
 How high, for what desert, or of what Nation
 They shall aduance? it were a wretched thing,
 On this condition to become a King.

148

To make new Creatures, is the Princes due,
 And without murmur let him haue his owne:
 The danger only is to him that's new;
 For enuy euer waites on such a one,
 Both from those men, that are not so well growne;
 And from great Houses to, who straight will feare,
 Least such new stars should thrust him from the sphere.

149

For those which once haue got the highest staire,
 Will keep them downe that mount with too much hast,
 Tis best (some say) to rise, but soft and faire:
 If thou wilt gaine thy iournies end at last,
 Tire not thy meanes by posting ouer fast;
 Stirre like a Diall vnperceiu'd to mooue,
 So shalt thou gather strength and purchase loue.

150

And therefore they that sound a family,
 Must gather wealth, and vnder their estates,
 Make great pretences of humility:
 Allie themselves with strong confederates,
 Serue great mens turnes, so to auoide their hates:
 For Cerberus with hony sops was pleas'd,
 And malice must with mildnesse be appeas'd.

Then

151

Then let it be his work that next succeeds,
 To raise himselfe vnto a greater height,
 Who by imployments, or by Martiall deeds:
 Or by vnlading some of that rich freight:
 Which he hath stor'd, perhaps with the conceipt,
 Which he much better, then the first may do,
 Whose meanes he hath, and adds his owne thereto.

152

Nor shall he finde such eager opposition:
 Time hauing worne out all his fathers foes
 Or els perhaps alter'd their disposition
 By gifts, by fauours, by obsequious shewes
 Or els perchance for feare of future blowes:
 And so some few discents, from higher to higher
 The newnesse of the houle will varnish faire.

153

Where sodaine greatnesse ruin'd *Gaueston*
 Whom I too much prefer'd before my Peeres,
 Who did possesse me more then any one:
 From whence grew many ielousies and feares:
 Close discontentments which at first appeares:
 Of little moment, worthlesse of respect;
 But prov'd such skars as we did least expect.

154

It is the praise, and blessing of the sonne
 To make his heate and light both general:
 Princes are sonnes, and both must freely runne
 In open course, and be not seuerall
 Vnto some few, but common vnto all:
 The poorest he that breaths, this song may sing:
 Wee all haue interest in the Aire and King.

And

155

And this too much did spread abroad my passion,
 Who like pure water should haue had no taste,
 This error did my gouernment dis-fashion,
 That *Gaueston* vnworthily was grac't,
 And made too great a monster, huge and vaste,
 Who in his growth was vnproportionall
 Became offense to himselfe, and all:

156

My Seale, my Court, my Realme, was rul'd by him
 That neither knew to rule, nor to obey,
 I car'd not though my Peeres did sinke or swim,
 Nor what my other Counsellors did say,
 For he did steare my compasse night and day,
 Whilst I being sinke in sinne and drown'd in lust
 Had almost wrack't, the Realme with such a gust.

157

The Court, which in my Fathers life time seem'd
 A Senate house of siluer-headed Sages,
 Might now a pompous Theater be deem'd
 Pester'd with Panders, Players, and with Pages.
 Of my ensuing fall too true prefaces,
 And yet in! shew it seemed fairer farre
 So Comets glister more then any starre.

158

But oh the quiet of that happy land,
 Where aged Nestors beare the chiefeest sway,
 Where strength of mind, rules more then force of hand:
 Where old men bid, and yong men doe abey.
 Where Ages winter, guideth youths sweete May,
 But when the foote or hand commands the head,
 The body then is many wayes misled.

Let

Let filuer haire, and long experienc'd age,
 Be sole directors of each enterprife,
 Let youth be as an Actor on the Stage,
 To execute what staidier heads deuise,
 For youth is actiue, age discret and wise,
 Youth is more daring, but precipitate,
 Age more iudiciall, and considerate.

Yet should not States-men be too aged men,
 For euery yeare their spirits much decay,
 They earthy grow, and melancholy then
 Heauy and dull, their edge being worne away:
 Wayward and teachy wrangling all the day.
 Full of Morosity, and which is worse,
 Extremely giuen to gripe, and fill the purse.

Besides, we see some men are ripe betimes,
 Like sommer fruit, some pleasing to the tast,
 And if those spirits in whom such vertue shines,
 May be with greatnesse, and imployments grac't,
 They come to full maturity at last:
 Men of exceeding worth, they being growne,
 Both for their countries good, and for their owne.

But to my selfe, who did neglect my Peeres,
 And onely did deuote my selfe to pleasure,
 Lou'd I? why, loue it selfe, loues youthful yeares,
 Spent I? why, Kings should not be slaues to treasure:
 Heard I not Subjects suits? I had no leysure.
 Did I forbear my Peeres conuerse. What then?
 Loue is not tide to sort himselfe with men.

When

When they did say, that Scottish *Bruce* did burne
My Northerne borders, and did wast the same,
Then fighting I, to *Gauestone* would turne,
And say (sweet Peere) my selfe feeles fancies flame,
I saw, I loue, I dye for such a dame :

Cupid I feare a *Bruce* to me will proue,
My hold's by him, my heart is fier'd with loue.

With thsee, and many more fantasticke toyes,
I shifted off my Councell when they came :
I haue not time enough to spend in ioyes ;
Why should I spare one minute from the same ?
Let them that list, by wars go hunt for fame ;
I force it not, giue me these pleasing warres,
Where blowes are giu'n, but neuer cause no skarres.

But when the field, is to a field-bed turn'd,
When eyes like sharpest Launces pierce, yet please ;
When amorous hearts with equall flames are burn'd,
When Foes sinke downe, our furies to appease ;
And lips on lips, redouble blowes of ease,
When braue assaults are not by Death contrould,
In such a band, who would not be inroul'd

The Roman monster *Helioabulus* ;
And Persian *Xerxes*, neuer fortunate,
Might well be thought to liue againe with vs ;
We priz'd our pleasures at so high a rate,
Which was our sad, and still successelesse fate ;
In peace, our fault procured our decays,
In warres our Fortunes made vs run-awayes.

The lucklesse battailes fought whilst I did Raigne,
 With *Robert Bruce*, that Noble English *Scor*,
 Sad monuments vnto the World remaine,
 That vicious life with Monarchies thriue not,
 For sinne and shame, are ti'd with Gordians knot,
 And those designs do proue succefflesse quite,
 That are contriu'd by men, drown'd in delight.

Marke but the Maps of all antiquity,
 True Registers vnfalsef'd records,
 The race of time which we call History;
 And 'twill be found, that euery age affords
 Plenty of prooffe to fortifie my words:
 Each lease, each time, do pregnant witness beare,
 Who riot most, to ruine are most nere.

When sinne did ouer-flow, the Deluge came,
 Th' *Assyrians* then did loose their Monarchy,
 When their last king did liue most out of frame
 And was ore-whelm'd with sensuality:
 The *Persians* then did wrecke their Empery,
 When wealth, and ease, and lust did most abound,
 Which also did the *Romaine* State confound.

The *Danes* did first set footing in this Land,
 Because Lord *Bucan* wife was rauish't here;
 The *Saxons* forces got the vpper hand,
 When *Vortiger* held *Hengests* daughter deere,
 And still our Realme to ruine hath bin nere,
 When ripned sin hath gather'd strongest head,
 So stalled Steeres, are to the Shambels led.

Thus

171

Thus *Edward* sayd, and this our age hath scene,
 Like instance of a neere confining State :
 Neuer was *France* more deadly sicke of liane :
 Neuer was goodnesse growne more out of date,
 Neuer did Princes more preposterate
 Their priuate liues, and publique regiment,
 And as they liu'd, so died impenitent.

172

Neuer Religion seru'd for more pretences :
 Neuer were Nobles more ambitious :
 Neuer like inundations of offences ;
 Neuer were Church-men lesse religious :
 Neuer were Commons more seditious ;
 Such plotting counter-plotting pollicies,
 Such Massacres, such Barbarous cruelties.

173

Such impious courses, such impunity
 Neuer was scene, lesse blushing, and more shame :
 Neuer had sinne so great imunity :
 Neuer was euer all so out of frame,
 As in these latter times, till the fiery flame
 Of ciuill fury, and of *Forraine* foe,
 Did make poore *France* the Stage of tragicke woe.

174

And without doubt, had not the Man of men,
 The mighty *Aslas* of that sinking State
 Bin rais'd by God, to giue new life; euen then, *Hen. 4.*
 That famous Kingdome of so ancient date,
 By home ambition, and by *Forraine* hate,
 Had breath'd her last, being sin-sicke vnto death,
 And much a doe there was to giue her breath.

For

175

For still the eye of wrath doth ouer-look,
 The wicked actions of obdurate men :
 The Court of Heauen doth keepe a tallying booke,
 VVherein is enter'd all our sinnes; and when
 Our score is full; let's looke for payment then :
 And (oh) what Prince, what Common-wealth can stand,
 When God doth scourge it with a rigorous hand.

176

And let vs make this vse of their new wracks,
 Forbeare to sinne for feare of punishment :
 God is not sencelesse, though he seeme to slacke,
 He respits vs, in hope we will repent ;
 But vse growes more, the longer debts are lent,
 And God forbears, and winks at our abuse,
 That we might haue lesse colour for excuse.

177

I could not choose, when I had yock't my *Team*,
 But make this Furrow to enrich my field :
 And now returne to my intended *Team* ;
 And *Edward* wishes that his Raigne might yeild
 Fit presidents, for Princes, how to weild
 That weighty Pronince which they do sustaine,
 And thus continues his Discourse againe.

178

When my chiefe friends did see how things mischanced,
 And those mischances did impute to sinne;
 My sinne to him, whom I had so aduanced :
 To banish him, they then againe beganne,
 And made my selfe to haue a hand therein ;
 Their force, my feare, compeld me therunto,
 Tis hard when Princes are inforst to doe.

D

It is

179

It is the chiefest good of Kingly raigne,
 That it is free from base compelling feare,
 And tis againe the Kingdomes chiefest baine
 Not to admit wise Counsell to the care,
 Away with aw, hold Admonition deere,
 Feares ne're should meete with Kingly eyes
 But one the backs of flying enemyes.

180

But the fairer lively picture of aduice,
 should still be placed by the Princes sight,
 Thrice happy Kings, that are both stout and wise,
 Your scorne controwle, but let not counsell light
 No feare, but vertue, moues you to doe right,
 Yare Kings indeed, and may securely rest
 Whilst feares are pitch't within a weaker brest.

181

Ye solum Vereor is a Princely word
 Speaking to him that is Lord Paramount;
 And supream Prince, so should beare the sword,
 As but to him, they neede giue no account;
 Which they shall doe, if as they do surmount
 In greatnesse, so in goodnesse they excell.
 Tis certaine, he rules all that gouerns well.

182

And none doth so, but the selfe gouernor
 That his owne priuat passion can command
 Which makes a slaue euen of an Emperor
 If once they growe to get the vpper hand
 And soone deepe searching spirits will vnderstand
 And finde a Prince thats weake, and ride him soe
 That he must pace, as they will haue him goe.

Whereof

Whereof my selfe may be a president
 Who was sooner aw'd by my great Peeres,
 That *Gameston* was doom'd to banishment
 And now my soule full fraught with griefes and feares,
 Was in her motion restles with these pheres
 But not so fixed; now goe he should, now should not
 So woman-like, I would, and straight I would not.

Yet ere he went, (as goe he must, and did)
 Deere Prince, saith he, wherein haue I misdone
 That I am banished thus? doth Edward bid
 His poore (but yet his owne poore *Pierce*,) to shunne
 His gracious sight, must I from England runne?
 He bids, I must, farewell, yet thinke of mee,
 My body goes, my soule doth stay with thee.

What were theis words, but each to mee a wound
 Whereat my very life-blood, gushed out,
 I would haue spoke, but words with teares were drown'd
 While giddy passion hurl'd by braine about,
 Confusedly I spake, oh do not doubt,
 Theis damned Peeres, it is not long on mee,
 though body stayes, yet goes my soule with thee.

Mourne not sweete Prince, said hee, oh doe not mourne.
 Let neuer teares disgrace those gracefull eyes.
 Is't not enough that I am thus forelorne,
 Must cares from mee, as clowdes from sea arise?
 My deere deere Liege, let it at least suffice.
 That still you haue the better part of mee
 My body they command, my soule is free.

187

Cease, cease, my *pierce*, thy tong doth wound my hart,
I grieue to see, because I see thy griefe:

Farewell, and yet me thinkes, we should not part;

And yet we must, well, this be thy reliefe,

Thou bear'st a field of gold, a King in chiefe:

But be thou *Ireland's* Gouvernor then for me,

Would thou might'st stay, or I might go with thee.

188

At parting thus, with wanton griefe we play d,

He went to Sea, and I to sorrow went;

And yet my lustfull heart was not allay'd;

My treasure, that to *Ganeyone* was sent,

And was in triumphs, mongst the *Irish* spent:

Who seem'd now greater then he did before,

So Vines being cut, increase, and thrue the more.

189

And here my Peeres did in true iudgment faile,

So to remoue, not take him quite away:

Who once returning, needes must seeke to quaille,

The aduerse part that labour'd his decay;

Dead dogs can neither baste nor bite (men say)

But anger'd cures more fiercely still returne,

And wronged minds with greater fire burne.

190

Better it is, still to dissemble here

Then first to enter into discontent,

And leaue him great, whom thou hast edg'd of late;

Who hauing meanes, and sharpened in intent,

May easily worke some dangerous euent:

Either strike not, or else be sure strike so,

That thou thy selfe need feare no future blow.

Besides

191

Besides they did the more exasperate,
 By opposition my enraged Ire.
 And for my Gaucstou, whom they did hate,
 they did inflame mee with a greater fire,
 His absence setting edge on my desire
 For Princes kept from what they doe affect
 do hurrey to their ends without respect.

192

What euer stops the currant of the streame,
 Is swept away with furious violence ;
 Force being effectlesse 'gainst a stronger meanes,
 But if one will with labour and expence
 Diuert the course, and turne the Channell chence,
 'Tis possible, that he in time preuailes,
 For *Art* doth compasse, when resistance failes.

193

Philosophers doe hold (and truly too)
 That lightning oft, (the sheath vnrouch'd, the blade)
 Consumes, the reason, why it doth so do
 Is, by the one there's small resistance made
 Being full of pores; th'other hard t'invade,
 Doth set it selfe against that heavenly shot,
 Which quire consumes, because it pierceeth not.

194

I cannot fit the awfull wrath of Kings,
 More properly then to this wondrous fire,
 Which once inflames, consumes resisting things,
 Breakes vp the bounds that limits their desire;
 And by depressing downe still mounts vp higher,
 VWhereas strong passion borne with patience,
 Spends on it selfe, and dies without offence,

D 3

My

195

My peeres soone saw which way the hare did run
 And therefore gaue consent to his repeale.
 Not Cæsar, when *Phasalia* field he wonn
 Did triumph more, then I, when they did scale.
 And did subscribe, the ruine of our weale,
 Then all was well, whilst all did well agree
 But all prou'd ill, for all, and worst for mee.

196

For *Gauesson* after hee did returne,
 Of all my former fauours once possesse,
 His full-fild fortunes held my peeres in scorn.
 Nor could he any equall well digest
 Oh foolish man to swell aboue the rest
 When bubbles fullest blowne, doe soonest breake
 And trees are euer at the top most weake.

197

Content doth seate it selfe in lowest dales
 Out of the din of winde and stormie showres.
 There sits and sings Melodious Nightingales (flowres
 There runs fresh cooling streames, there spring sweete
 There heat and cold are fenc'd by shady bowres
 There hath he wealth at will, but this wee knowe
 the grasse is short, that one the hill doth grow.

198

Oh *Gauesson* whie dost thou then aspire
 To be so great, when greatnesse stands one yce,
 If thou shouldst slip, as now thy place is hier
 Then will thy fall be greater in a rice
 Hee's downe that stands on Pynacles, be wise,
 Stand low, Stand fast, but oh I speake in vaine,
 For men will mount, though suer to sloop againe,

How

199

How *Gauessone* the third time Banished,
 Did liue in *Duch-land* where he found no rest:
 How he return'd, how I was famished
 Did feede on him, as on some dainty *Beast*:
 How ill my Peeres, his presence did digest,
 I doe but touch at: now my Muse vnfold,
 How till his fall, he bare him proud and bold

200

Suppose him spleene-full melancholly sad:
 And me in mine affections passionate:
 Thinke him reuenge-full, thinke me doring mad:
 Thinke, how I lou'd; and thinke how he did hate:
 And thinke him then thus to expostulate:
 Gricu'd with precedent, fear'd with future wrong;
 Thus did this *Syren* tune his balefull song.

201

Oh King (no King) but shaddow of a King:
 Nay doe not frowne, but heare me what I say,
 I speake in zeale, though fatally I sing;
 Thou op'st a gap vnto thine owne decay,
 By suffering thy proud Peeres to beare the sway,
 For looke how much the shadowes heigth doth grow,
 So much the Sunne declines, and goes more low.

202

Thy waxing is their waine, thy ebbe their ryde,
 When they are strongest, thou art weak and faint,
 Turne euery stone, to quell their growing pride;
 It fits not Kings, to brooke the least restraint,
 Disgrace, exile, streight durance, or attainr,
 Close practises, to bring them into hate:
 These are the meanes to re-assure thy State.]

D 4

Now

Now thou art King in shewe, but not in deede,
 These petty pawns doe checke, and mate thee to:
 All is reuerſ'd that is by thee decreed,
 They doe inioyne thee, what thou hast to doe,
 And what they will thou art compeld vnto;
 But though thy pleasure bend another way,
 Yet things must passe, as they are pleas'd to sway.

They haue allies, to strengthen their designs,
 They backe themselves with their Confederates,
 Their seeming zeale, the vulgar vndermines,
 The wiser sort, for feare insinuates,
 And so they gaine assurance of all states:
 Some by the glosse of faire deportment; and
 Some by a hard, and ouer-awing hand.

Besides, they raise men that are popular,
 And by their meanes, the peoples hearts they steale,
 Themselues seeme iust, their courses regular,
 They make pretences for a Common-weale,
 Of reformation, of religious zeale;
 And by these colours which they do pretend,
 They bring their complots to a sinfull end.

But more then this, the wealth of all thy Land
 Is in their hand, or else at their dispose,
 VWhereby they haue an absolute command
 Of many liues, which are maintain'd by those
 Great bounties, that from their abundance flowes:
 For they must needs remaine at their deuotion,
 VWho haue from them their being, and their motion.

These

These are the close consumptions of thy State,
 VVhich by these antidors, thou must restore :
 Be seru'd by such as thou hast rais'd of late,
 Aduance new Creatures of no note before,
 And such will still depend on thee therefore,
 For wanting meanes, except thou grace them still,
 They must remaine obliged to thy will.

Let them be staring spirits of aire and fire,
 Apt but to make, and to maintaine a faction :
 Ambitious, afinite, hungry to aspiro;
 Not foild with feare, but apt for a tiue action,
 True to their ends, but false in faith and faction :
 And such being grac'd, and fauour'd by the time,
 VVill in despite of spightfull enuy clime.

VVhose growth thy Peeres will malice and detest,
 And seeke to stop, which they not brooking well,
 VVill nourish mutuall hatred in their brest,
 And rankrous enuy in their soules will swell ;
 From whence reuenge, and greedy thrift to quell :
 The aduerse parry, cannot but proceede,
 And so confusion to them all indeeds.

Meane while thou vnder-hand must feede the flame,
 And secretly giue heart to either side,
 And which is weakest, leaue them to the same,
 VVhereby, thou shalt confound the aduerse pride,
 And if they doubting chance to be espide,
 Make it an open quarrell, and be sure
 To cut them off, that may most hurt procure.

This

311

This lecture was by *Tarquin* well exprest,
 When with his wand, he did behead those flowers,
 That any way did ouer-grow the rest:
 As who should say, be jealous of great powers,
 And cut them downe, whose State neere equals ours
 For that same *Throne* is but a slippery seate,
 That suffers any to be ouer-great.

312

Make penall Lawes, to cut off their retainers;
 Wrest from their hands, all publique great command,
 Grace them in shew, but not to make them gainers:
 Keepe them aloofe, let them not vnderstand,
 The passages of State, at any hand:
 Doe not commit thy forces to their trust,
 Least hauing mindes, th'au'e meanes to be vniust.

313

Where ere they liue, though they be farre remou'd,
 Yet let them be suruei'd with carefull eye,
 Such as are neere to them, and deerely lou'd,
 To whom their inward thoughts most open lye,
 Winne them by gifts, and by close pollicy
 To serue thy turne with true intelligence,
 Of any thing that may procure offence,

314

If they command, doe thou not fauour then,
 Let all aduancements be deriu'd from thee:
 So shalt thou weane from them, the hearts of men,
 And they will onely, thy dependants be:
 For there men serue, while they preferment see:
 Lastly, what Stratagem thou dost intend,
 Let shewes of vertue colour still thy end.

These

These are the baits to fish for wisest Peeres,
 The longings may be caught with easier means:
 Let Syren pleasures bane their youthfull yeares:
 Let lust, expence, and riotous extreames,
 To which their age by course of nature leanes,
 Let followers, change of beauties pompous pride
 Infect their mindes, and racke their States beside.

Yet if thou see a likely growing plant,
 Whole spreading branches may in time proue great:
 Lodge him at home, let him employment want,
 And fruitlesse wither in his native leate,
 For ease and rest, will chill his active heate,
 And lull'd in pleasure of a safe delight,
 Relinquish mounting thoughts of honors quite.

But if his temper fore so high a pitch,
 And that his working vertues must haue vent,
 Ingage him in some action, by the which
 His Haruest may be Death, or discontent;
 Yet make a shew to grace his hardiment,
 And thrust him so (with highest honor) on
 To such attempts, as Death still waite vpon.

Which if he misse, as Heaven may blesse him so;
 Yet will the managing of such designes,
 Afford fit matter for his ouer throw.
 If that his Fortune any way declines,
 For commonly the vulgar sort sepines,
 Against all actions that do want successe,
 And in their humors weigh the agents lesse.

And

219

And so they lye more open to their wracke,
 VVhen they haue once manur'd a common hate,
 And then some faire occasion cannot lacke,
 Either by death to cancell their lines hate,
 Or at the least to weaken so their State,
 As that the Prince need feare no future harme,
 That may proceed from their vniointed arme.

220

And hauing cleer'd thy selfe of such, yet then
 That thou might'st keep thy Maiesty and State:
 Thou needes must intertaine some Noble men,
 But frothy bubbles, full of idle prate,
 Who study fashions, know their place (scarce that)
 Al whose sweet worth, is fetch'd from bad mens toombe,
 And they themselves lesse worthy then their Groomes.

221

Let them discourse of Kindred and *Allies*:
 My vnckle Earle, my cousen Duke, or so;
 Who liuing, did this or that interprise:
 And tell how his great Grand-fires house did go,
 VVhen he in *France* incountred with his foe:
 Grace these (sweet Prince) these thy Courts Comets be
 And pray for them, the ile neuer pray for thee.

222

Thus must thy twigs be lim'd, thy nets display'd,
 To catch these birds that sore vp to the Sunne;
 And when these wise foundations once are layd,
 Tis almost ended that is well begunne,
 Then art thou King indeede, then hast thou wonne
 Vnto thy selfe an absolute estate;
 Meane while thou liu'st but in a golden grate.

Thus

223

Thus did this hellish *Arc* cast the ball
 Of discontent, betwixt me and my Peeres;
 Whose damned Counsels flowing from the gall,
 Fill'd them with fury, me with needlesse feare,
 And set vs all together by the eares:
 For straight to armes they get, to venge the wrong,
 And vow'd his head should answer for his tongue.

224

I wish'd the trees were turn'd to armed troopes,
 And all the boughes were pikes, their hearts to wound;
 All other birds, the Princely Eagle stoopes:
 The Lyon roares, the beasts shake at the sound,
 Why should not I, their daring pride confound,
 That faucily vsurp vpon my right;
 But Lyons, are no Lyons wanting might.

225

But they did strike whilst that the Steele was hot,
 And still came on, to seize vpon their pray:
 VVhat should we do, complaine it booteth not:
 Go leauy men, our men did dis-obay:
 Sue for a Truce, they would not grant a day:
 Submit our selues, and so some pittie craue,
 Me hurt they would not, him they would not saue.

226

That Prince indeede is to be held most wise,
 VVho by his virtues doth his state secure:
 But he's a foole that meanes to tyrannise,
 And doth not seeke by forces to assure
 His owne designs, for let him be most sure,
 A Prince that's weake, and yet doth gouerne ill,
 Is subiect to a thousand dangers still

Nothing

227

Nothing remain'd but flight, and flye we did;
 So silly Doucs before proude Falcons flye,
 Till *Gauesone* in *Scarborow* Castle hid:
 My Peeres surpris'd whom *Warwicke* Earle Sir *Guy*
Beauchamp beheaded, so my *Pierce* did dye:
 A gloomy night concluded this faire morne,
 And Fortunes Minion, ended Fortunes scorne.

228

Oh what is honor but an exhalation;
 A fiery Meteor soone extinct and gone:
 A breach of people, and the tongues relation,
 That straight is ended when the voice is done:
 A morning dew dri'd vp with mid-day sunne;
 A ceasing sweete like *Dances* golden shower,
 Which both began, and ended in an houre.

229

There breeds a little Beast by *Nilus* streames,
 Which being borne when *Phœbus* first doth rise;
 Growes old, when he reflects his hottest beames;
 And when at night to *Westerne* Seas he hies;
 Then life begins to faile, and straight it dyes:
 Borne, old, and dead, and all but in a day,
 Such honor is, so soone it weares away.

230

How much more happy is that sweete estate
 That neyther creeps to low, nor soares too high,
 Which yeelds no matter to content or hate,
 Which others not disdain; nor yet enuy,
 Which neither does, nor takes an iniury,
 But liuing to it selfe, in sweete content
 Is neither fordeide, nor yet insolent,

He

231

Hee liues indeede, and spends his course of time,
 In truest pleasure that this life can yeald,
 He hath set houres to pray at euen and prime :
 He walkes abroad into his quiet field,
 And studies how his home affaires to weild :
 His soule and body make one Common-wealth;
 His Counsels care to keepe them both in health.

232

He feares no poysons in his meates nor drinks :
 He needes no Guard to watch about his bed :
 No treacher vndermines him what he thinks :
 No dangerous projects hammer in his head,
 He sits and sees, how things are managed;
 And by obseruing what hath erst beene done,
 He leuels oft, how future things will runne.

233

If he would deale with Kings, and mighty men,
 He doth conuerse with them in History :
 If he would know the Heavenly motions, then
 He takes his Globe, he reads *Astronomy* :
 His Maps and Charts doe teach Cosmography ;
 And whilst in his safe Cell he studying stands,
 In one short houre, he sailes both Sea and Lands.

234

And tir'd perhaps with the Discouery
 Of Forraigne things, he comes more neerer home,
 He lookes into himselfe, with curious eye
 That little World, that is indeede his owne
 He trauels in, which being truly knowne
 Affords enough for wonder and delight,
 When he hath learn'd to know himselfe aright.

The

235

The Earle of *Cornwall*, causer of the warre
 Thus being dead, they layd their weapons downe,
 Protesting all, they would not goe so farre
 As to be thought disloyall to the Crowne,
 But they did seeke the Realmes and my renowe,
 Which was eclips't in him which they had slaine,
 But *Englands* Sphere would not grow cleare againe.

236

Oh still darke clouds doth shadow *Englands* Sphere,
 And bitter stormes on gloomy clouds dependant,
 Vnfortunate, and fatall euery yeare,
 Whilst haplesse *Edward* was chiefe Lord ascendant;
 Malignant starres were still on me attendant;
 Though at my birth, *Heav'n* smil'd with sweet aspect,
 Yet froward nature did my life direct.

237

For though disastred *Gauespere* was dead;
 Yet *Edward* liu'd, and liu'd to farther ill:
 For still I was by my affections led;
 I will'd no Law, yet had no Law but will:
 My Peeres disgrac'd, my Councell griued still.
 The *Spencers*, they succeeded *Gauespere*,
 He chang'd for worse and worse; two ill, for one.

238

These *Spencers* now the subiect of my Song,
 Discended of a race of good esteeme:
 The elder *Hugh* (the father) liued long
 In great accompt, and happy daies had scene,
 Till his ambitious sonne did ouer-weene,
 Whose greatnesse caus'd the Father to aspire,
 And at the last did wracke both *Sonne* and *Syre*.

Oh

239

Oh what hast thou, old man to do with Court?
 Thy bookes and beads had better beene for thee;
 Liue still retir'd and do not now resort,
 To stormie tempest, age doth ill agree
 With great concourse and vulgar mutinie,
 It rather crautes immunity and rest,
 And powerfull ease, with tumult not distress.

240

Whose joynts being wrack't & torturd with the gowd
 Can scarce endure the stirring of a straw,
 Who being yn-wildie must be borne about,
 Whose golden Ewer is crack't with many a flaw,
 Who hath no grinders left in either iawe. (tremble,
 Whose strong men bowe, whose keepers shake and
 Whose meager lookes pale death doth most resemble.

241

But this ambition is a boyling ill,
 Honor doth make dead Cinders grow againe,
 What aged one so great, but by his will
 Would faine grow greater, age doth still retaine
 Two humors, hope of life, desire of gaine,
 And this was that which made old *Spencer* clime,
 When he had past the Autumne of his time.

242

The younger *Hugh*, the sonne of this old man,
 Was of an active spirit, and able Braine:
 Who with the Barons at the first began
 To side himselfe, they fauouring him againe,
 For *Gauefame* made him Lord Chamberlaine,
 That he in place so neere about the king
 Might alwaies serue their turnes in euery thing.

E

Thinking

243

Thinking because he was by them prefer'd,
 He still would cleave to them in their designs,
 But (ill advised men) herein they err'd.
 A swelling spirit hates him, by whom he climes,
 As yule kills the Tree wherein it Proines,
 So rising men when they are seated high
 Spurne at the meanes, that first they mounted by.

244

Because they thinke, such favors challenge still,
 An equall correspondencie of loue,
 Which ties them to be pliant to their will;
 And as the lower spheres, by those aboue,
 Are whirld about, so, they by these must moue,
 In all attempts still swaid by their direction,
 And for no end, nor measure of subiection.

245

And such well-mettled men cannot digest,
 To be obsequious to an others minde:
 Their working spirits will not let them rest,
 Till those precedent bands, which did them bind,
 By opposition, are againe vntwin'd,
 And such an open rupture doth restore
 Their libertie, which was ingag'd before.

246

And greauesse houlds it needfull pollicie,
 To rid his hands of them, that did it raise,
 By cnting into open enmitie.
 And so to cut them off without delayes,
 These were, and are the courses of our daies,
 Who list obserue both old and modern times,
 Shall finde, I wright no fables though some rimes.

247

I will not touch particulars at all ;
 I play the ball, let others marke the chase;
 The *Spencers* do my wandring muse recall,
 Who being neere the king in chiefeſt place,
 Did heape vp much, and that in litle ſpace,
 For all things hid he from their paſſage then,
 Who turn'd to gold, all matters, and all men.

248

The chiefeſt Peeres were vnderhand kept downe,
 The Mynions of the King got euery place,
 Though *Edward* had, yet *Spencers* rul'd the Crowne;
 And being both made Earles in higheſt grace,
 They built, they bought, they raiſ'd, they did deſace,
 Whom, what they would, ſuch was their powerfull
 And ſodaine greatneſſe growes to ſome vniuſt. (luſt,

249

Eſpecially, if like a Mole it workes,
 Only in earth: how greedy's ſuch a man ?
 How cloſely he in Couert, ſilent workes,
 To Compaſſe a whole Countrie, if he can;
 Still griping all; that comes within his ſpan,
 What wealth, wit, friends, force can do, good or ill,
 Shall, muſt be practiſ'd, for to pleaſe his will.

250

The Princes fauours do for Pullies ſerue,
 To draw on men, to be at his command,
 Eu'n ſeats of Iudgement ſhall from iuſtice ſwerue,
 If they may bring a title to his hand:
 And if ſome reuerend fathers ſhall withſtand.
 Then weed them out, they will not ſerue our turne,
 Such men are fit for Martirs, let them burne.

E a

His

251

His Agents must be of another mould,
 Sharp-sighted into other mens estate,
 Pliant to do, what their great Masters would,
 Close, cunning to dissemble love, or hate,
 Well spoken, powerfull to insinuate,
 Seemingly honest, outwardly precise,
 By which they may their close complots disguise.

252

These are like pipes of Lead that do conuay
 Those practises, that from their head do spring;
 And let these seconds come to beare great sway,
 Are legg'd and crouch'd vnto, for feare they sting,
 These buy and build, and beg, and raise, and wring,
 Farmer, Esquier, Knight and Baron too,
 And Prince and all, with whom they haue to doe.

253

And this indeed was the most dangerous rocke,
 Whereon I split, and so at last did drowne:
 This was mine Error, this the stumbling block,
 At which I fell, and cast my fortunes downe:
 This lost my peoples hearts, and that my Crowne.
 My Minions rapine, and vnjust oppression,
 And my too much indulgent indiscretion.

254

My Peeres were male content, being vnrespected,
 My Captaines mutinous for want of pay,
 My Court with all incestuousnes infected,
 My people poore, with taxes par'd away,
 And apt for innoation euery day.
 All out of ioynt, dejected, and dismay'd,
 Onely the *Spencers*, and their Consorts swa'd.

255

I should, they bought, I wasted, they did thrive,
 They had abundance I was indigent,
 They suck'd the honey, I the ranfack't hine:
 Which made them grow, bould, tart and insolent,
 And thereby caus'd a common discontent,
 Of all those crimes, I did in curre the blame,
 Because my heate gaue life vnto the same.

256

Princes attend, for I do speake in zeale
 'Tis not enough that you your selues are iust,
 But you must looke into the common weale,
 And see that those, whom you doe put in trust,
 Do gouerne by the law not by their lust.
 For he indeed the wrong doth perpetrate,
 That may redresse, yet it doth tolerate.

257

And so you make their wickednesse, your owne,
 By suffering them to sinne, without controule,
 But let no Widowes teares bedew your throne,
 Nor poore mens sighes, sent from a greeued soule,
 Nor Orphans prayers, which heauen doth still inrolle
 Nor common curses, caus'd by publike greuance.
 Draw iudgment down on you for their mischicuancc,

258

Kings must vse some, and may choose of the best,
 But let them still remember what they are,
 Let not all lawes be lock't vp in one brest,
 Let no one only censure make or marre,
 For men haue passions, which oft straines them far:
 The most sees least, few best, but none sees all,
 Who hath not, doth, who doth not, yet may fall.

E 3

259

I do not barke against authoritie,
 My heart did neuer lodge vnreuerend thought,
 Heauen knowes, how I adore iust Soueraignie,
 How oft my soule, with vpheau'd hands hath sought,
 Vnto that God whose precious blood vs bought,
 For our right vertuous king, this peacefull state,
 And all those powers, he doth subordinate.

260

Oh if one beame of thy resplendent light,
 Most faire all guiding Sun chance to descend
 Vpon this short abridgement which I write.
 Let no conceipt thy sacred selfe offend,
 For they were chiefly moulded to this end:
 To shew how much our selues obliged stand,
 For these good times as now do bleſſe our land.

261

Which by collation of these wretched daies,
 Appeare more full of comfort and content:
 But I goe on, Muse, keepe the beaten wayes;
 Whilst *Spencers* rul'd with common discontent,
 Eu'n God himſelfe inflicted punishment
 Vpon the Prince, the people, and the land,
 Who felt the weight of his afflicting hand.

262

The king himſelfe was full of diffidence,
 And thought to strengthen his partialitie;
 The Lords not brooking *Spencers* insolence,
 Did league themſelues with strong formalitie,
 The beſt were guiltie of neutralitie.
 The vulgar ſort was tided vp and downe,
 As fortune liſt, to fauour or to frowne.

The

263

The earth her selfe as sorrowing for her sonnes,
 Or wearie of their foule misgouernment,
 Gricue out of heart, and barren straight becomes,
 Not yeelding men sufficient to be spent,
 But seem'd to drop away with languishment:
 So may we see how God vnfructifies,
 A fruitfull land for mens impieties.

264

The lowring Heauens did seeme to drop down teares,
 As if they wept, to wash the sinfull earth,
 Infectious foggs, and gloomie clouds appeares,
 Which choke the growth of all things in their birth,
 Heauen, earth, and all conspir'd to make a dearth,
 Oh see when God takes armes against a land,
 He can Inroll all creatures in his band.

265

Great was the want of that vnhappy time,
 The Earth not yeelding her accustom'd store:
 And that which was, whilst greedy men purloyne,
 And hord it vp, they make the famine more,
 Grinding thereby the faces of the poore.
 As if Gods heauie hand were too too light,
 Vnlesse eu'n man should studie mans despight.

266

Such men are traitors euen to natures Law,
 And do conspire against the common good:
 They wring the bread out of the poore mans iawe,
 Whose verie soule doth starue for want of foode,
 But without doubt, God will require their blood.
 Their guiltlesse blood which from the earth shall cry
 And beg reuenge of him that is most high.

E 4

If

If bur one sparke of grace in them did dwell,
 Did they respect humane societie;
 Had they a hope of Heauen, a feare of hell;
 Or anie litle sence of pietie;
 Did they in heart conceiue a Deitie;
 And that most iust, most wise, most powerfull too;
 They would forbear, what God forbids to doe.

But neither feare of God, nor loue of men,
 Nor iust compassion of a publique ill
 Can worke vpon their brawnie hearts, and then,
 Coercive meanes best fits a stubborne will,
 Else they'le be hardned in their malice still,
 For oftentimes we see where nature failes,
 Law interposes, and indeed preuailes.

The ancient Roman state in its chiefe pride,
 When it was gouern'd with most sound aduise,
 Had *Leges fragmentarias* to prouide
 That graine should not grow to too high a price,
 Our times such lawes, our Lawes need such aduise,
 Some men are growne so monstrous in their kinde,
 We must like monsters, them inclose and binde.

Me thinks this sinne hath in't some tast of bloud,
 And what if *Dracous* lawes did match this sinner,
 Which is not onely opposite to good,
 And all good offices what soeuer beene:
 But doth also infringe the common linne,
 Whereby one soule is linck'd vnto another,
 As seuerall sonnes descending from one mother.

But oh what times are these wherein we liue,
 In which we neither can indure the sore,
 Nor yet the salue, the causes why we grieue,
 Nor yet the meanes, which should our state restore;
 Once *Pharoes* kyne, which were but leane and poore,
 Deuour'd the fat; those times are alter'd cleane,
 For now we see the fat deuoures the leane.

But whilst impatient hunger did constraîne,
 The vulgar sort, to eat vnhealthy foode,
 A great mortalitie began to reigne,
 Spilling too much (but most plebeian) blood,
 And after death came war with angrie moode.
 Loe wretched man, how woe still comes in grosse,
 And after one succeeds a second crosse.

When God seuerely scourgeth any land,
 He seconds plagues, with plagues, and woes with woes
 He taketh his three stringed whip in hand,
 Of dearth, of death, of home, of farraigne foes,
 And from these three, all desolation growes,
 What true Content, what rest to men remains:
 When ills, by ounces; Good scarce comes by graines.

And to encrease the current of my eare,
 A slauish Groome *John Pordras* was his name;
 Borne in the west, at *Exeter* did dare,
 To bruit abroad, that he from *Longshanks* came,
 And I a Changeling, but suppos'd the same,
 That he in truth was *Edward's* lawfull sonne,
 And by a nurse this trecherie was done.

But

275

But afterwards of his vnt ruth conuicted,
 He did confesse that he was mou'd vnto it,
 By those foule Arts that God had interdicted
 And by a spirit in likenesse of a Cat;
 Who did assure him by this damned plot,
 He should vnto the Soueraigntie attaine,
 But hanging did indeede prevent his reigne.

276

Heere giue me leaue a litle while to dwell,
 Vpon the nature of this accident:
 First I obserue the Diu'll cannot foretell,
 Before things come what will be their euent,
 If that they be not properly contingents
 This is, that may be, and not be as well,
 And such no Deuill, nor spirit can foretell.

277

All future things, that haue or may be tould,
 Are in themselves, or by their causes knowne,
 Things in themselves, God only can vnfold,
 And yet sometimes, he doth impart his owne,
 And proper knowledge of such things to come,
 Vnto such Agents, as he list inspire,
 With some small sparkles of his heauenly fire.

278

Such were the holy Prophets in their daies,
 Who only by th'infusion of his grace,
 Foretold strange things, such likewise did he raise
 At seuerall times, even from the gentle race.
 And in that ranck, some do the Sybills place,
 Who by the glimmering of his glorious light,
 Of things to come, did oft diuine aright.

Those

279

Those things that by their causes are concein'd
 Do either follow of necessitie,
 Therefore in them eu'a men are not deceiu'd
 Or grounded else on probabilitie.
 Or they do hit by meere contingencie,
 The first the Diu'l must certainly conceaue,
 Ones at the second, in the least deceaue.

280

And yet because of long experience,
 And by their wondrous knowledge in all Arts,
 And for no earthie substance dimmes their sence,
 And by their speedy motion which imparts
 A present knowledge from the farthest parts:
 I grant they fully comprehend those things,
 Which vnro vs great admiration brings.

281

But when in truth, the things are so conceal'd
 That neither causes nor th'effects appeare
 Then those occurrents are by them reueal'd,
 In such a sort, as double sence may beare,
 Alwaies ambiguous, cloudy, neuer cleare:
 And such were those same Oracles of old,
 Which were by *Phabus*, or by *Haman* told.

282

I will be no Retailor of such wares,
 For they are cheape, and common vnto all,
 But I obserue what comes to such mens shares,
 I note the fearefull Iudgements that doe fall
 Vpon such Artists as do vse to call
 Which both the ancient *Annals* do record
 And modern stories of our time afford.

Some

283

Some burnt with fire as *Zoroaster* was,
 And some, the earth did swallow vp aliue,
 As *Amphoraus* when that he did passe.
 To *Thebes*, some did their owne spirits deprive,
 Of breath, And so Pope *Benedict* did thriue,
 The ninth of that same name, whose vitall line
 The deuill himselfe by strangling did vntwine,

284

Nicephorus and so *Abbidoes* tells,
 How *Simon Magnus* flying in the Aire
 By Magick Art, and by enchanting spells,
 Fell downe and brake his bones at *Peters* prayer,
 And so he di'd in horror and despaire.
 Oh God, how far thy hand is stretched out
 To powre downe vengeance on this damned rout.

285

But to reuert from whence I did digresse,
 Besides this common confluence of ill.
 Those warres I yndertooke, God did not blesse,
 But euermore they were successeless still,
 Because I fail'd, both in aduise and skill.
 Which being manag'd without due respect
 How could their ends but sort to such effect.

286

Most true it is a power of fearefull Harts,
 That by a Princely Lyon is bur led,
 Shall in the field exploit more glorious parts,
 Then armed Lions with a Hart their head
 For wars do thriue as they are manag'd,
 And in the streame of Action sound aduise
 Preuailes as much as doth bold enterprise.

A Ship well mann'd, well victual'd, tackled well,
 Without a skillfull pilot steere the same,
 Doth in that warrie world in danger dwell.
 Looke what the Pilot is to that huge frame
 To armed troopes, the Chiefetaine is the same,
 Who wanting either courage or foresight,
 Ruines himselfe, and all his Armie quite.

In managing of Ciuill home designs,
 If any Councell be not wisely fitted:
 There yet remaines some space in after-times,
 To execute what was before omitted,
 Or to correct what was before committed,
 But in the fields, when Armies ioyne in shocke,
 One only error brings all to the block.

And hence, as I conceiue, it doth proceede,
 That excellent Commanders are so rare,
 Because they must be very wise indeede,
 To take the leass aduantages that are,
 And very valiant to attempt and dare,
 And oh how seldome meete in one these twaine,
 A Lions heart ioy'n'd with a foxes braine.

Troy only storied forth one *Hectors* fame
 One *Alexander*, name of great did merit.
 One *Hanniball* from *Carthage* onely came,
 And but one *Pyrhus* Empire did inherit,
 So sauing are the Heauens of such a spirit,
 That no one climate hath produced many,
 And many one hath scarce been blest of any.

The

295

Therefore in truth, I do not Iump with those,
 Who thinke the Prince a conduct in the field
 Should both himselfe, and common wealth repose
 Vpon some Chieftaine, whilst himselfe doth wield,
 The home affaires which more assurance yeeld.
 In shew I grant, but weighing euery thing,
 Such seeming safeties certaine danger bring.

296

For if ambition seize vpon the soule,
 As 'tis a passion apt to enterraine,
 And once possesse no iust respects controule,
 I would aduise the Prince that then doth raigne,
 To doubt th'euerr, 'tis worse, to complaine
 Then be complain'd of: And who doth not know,
 How many Kings haue been vncrownedse.

297

This was the Rocke that wrack't great *Olerones* line,
 And brought the Crowne of *France* to *Martells* care.
 For *Childerick* was forced to resigne,
 To *Pepin* (*Martells* sonne) his kingly place,
 And so likewise *Hugh Capet* did displace
 The line of *Pepin*, and aduanc't his owne,
 Because in warre, his worth was greater growne.

298

A Subiect may in shape a Prince excell,
 A Subiect may more then his Soueraigne know,
 Either in arts or in discoursing well,
 He may be stronger to vnhorse his foe,
 And it no danger to the Scepter so,
 But if in armes the subiect growes too great
 The Prince may chaunce be set besides his seat.
 Therefore

The *Theban* state no greatnesse did attaine,
 But only in *Epaminondas* time:
 Who being dead, it did grow weake againe,
 He was the sunne that lightned all the clime.
 His setting was their fall, his rise their prime,
 Before most glorious, after of no fame, (came.
 Such powerfull vertue from their Chiefetaine

Therefore let Princes labour to attaine,
 The art of warre, by all the meanes they can ;
 Because it doth inable him to reigne,
 And makes him greater then a priuate man
 That often hath the Supreme title wan
 Of sole Commander which who doth possesse,
 Is scarce a Prince, and yet but litle lesse.

To haue such troopes of Souldiers at command,
 To haue such store of wealth as men affect,
 To haue such potent meanes by sea and land,
 To execute what er'e they would affect,
 To be obseru'd with dutie and respect.
 By forren States, and haue dependencie
 Are shadowes at the least of Soueraignie.

And he that oft hath tasted that delight,
 Wherewith such powerfull greatnesse doth bewitch,
 Me thinks can hardlie humble so his spight,
 As not to thinke himselfe aboue the pitch,
 Of common men: more eager is the itch
 To mount the top, of one that's vp halfe way,
 Then his, that still at lowest step doth stay.
 Therefore

Therefore the Prince, whose forces and whose armes,
 By other then himselfe commanded bin,
 Must for preuention of ambitious harmes,
 Haue many chieftaines to imploy therein,
 So shall no one be able for to win
 So strong a partie, but another may,
 Serue for a helpe to be crost in his way.

But is there then no Ciment for to ioyne
 The Prince and powerfull Peere, so close, so fast,
 As th'one shall not suspect, not th'other cline?
 Or is the state of things so strangely past,
 That men cannot be good with greatnesse grac'd?
 Must Princes feare the noblest virtues still?
 Or must a Subject vse such virtue ill?

Oh no, such minds the glosse of virtue beares,
 But no essentiall part of her pertake?
 A kingly nature cannot nourish feares,
 And virtuous soules loue good for goodnes sake,
 And only that their actions sayne do make,
 Where such as borrow virtues for a time,
 Are dangerous men, and verie apt to cline.

Especially if their designements bend,
 To compasse that which we dependance call,
 If all their actions leuell at this end,
 Tender themselves vnto the Generall,
 Oh the'yle be easly drawne to throw at all,
 When they haue got the day into their hand
 By hauing often conduct and command.

303

The Antidote for Princes to preserue
 Their State vndanger'd from such poysonous partes,
 Is onely Iustice, which, who doth obserue,
 In all designs to men of all estates
 And is not swa'd with feares, loue, hopes, or hates,
 Or any passion, but goes clearly on:
 That Prince is wise, and doth secure his Throne.

304

Let all the politicks that breath this day,
 Rack their conceits vntill they breake their braine,
 They neuer shall inuent a better way
 Whereby a Prince may with assurance raigne;
 Than to be truely iust, and to retaine
 An euen proportion Arithmetically,
 Which giueth equall iustice vnto all.

305

This is the mother both of loue and feare,
 This doth ingender durie and desire,
 This doth the Prince from all suspicion cleare,
 Because it doth cut off the meanes t'aspire;
 This distributes to all, deserued hire.
 Whereby the Subiect (hauing his iust due)
 Remaines contented, and contented true.

306

And you great Starres whose power is influence
 May worke so much be not irregular
 Moue fairely in your orbs without offence
 Be Nobles truely, and not ritular,
 But soft my muse, how apt art thou to erre
 From thy first path, returne and make it plaine
 That armes are safest for a Soueraigne.

Not

307

Not onely to prevent aspiring harmes
 Would I haue Kings Comanders of their owne,
 But chiefly would I haue them practise Armes,
 That their braue spirits might be the better knowne,
 And haue more vent, to make their vertues shown;
 For greatnesse doth much in opinion rest,
 And that's maintain'd by being in action best.

308

Besides, 'tis certaine all men wish to serue
 Rather in Princes eye, then by the eare,
 Nothing inflames the soule more to deserue;
 More quickens honour, more abandons feare
 Then when the Prince in presence doth appeare
 To check the coward, and with praise and merit
 To grace the actions of a gallant spirit.

309

This of all causes, that I can conceiue
 Made *Alexander* Monarch of the East,
 It is a mighty motiue not to leaue
 Their soueraigne Prince in danger or distrest,
 Ill thriue they here on earth, in heauen vnblest
 That wish not so, and grant oh dearest Lord
 That men and Angels to my prayers accord.

310

Wise was the State, and very well aduis'd,
 Wise forces being often put to flight,
 Still finding bad successe, at last deuiz'd
 To bring their infant Prince into the sight
 Eu'n in his cradle, that his very sight
 Might giue them better which prou'd most true
 For they did fight, and fighting did subdue.

Besides,

311

Besides, those vnder officers that are
 Imployd according to each severall place
 Will with more faith, and more respectiue care,
 Intend their charge before the Princes face,
 So to auoyd both danger and disgrace,
 And then the common souldier serueth best
 When he's respected most, and fleeced least.

312

And though I know examples doe not proue,
 Yet is the state of things not so confounded
 But that those selfe-same motiues still may moue
 On which their resolutions then were groundd,
 Therefore since *Norman William* first was crowned
 Who list suruey our Kings cannot but yeeld (held.
 Their States thriu'd best, who most did keepe the

313

Yet if the Prince by age disabled be
 Or otherwise by any like defect
 Or if the sexe with armes doe not agree
 The let them make fit choice with much respect
 Of men of greatest vertues, to direct
 Their martiall forces and the more they traine
 In such designes, the surer is their raigae.

314

Because the Prince with more assurance liues
 That doth relie on many then on one,
 For nothing sooner apt occasion giues
 To swelling spirits for to liue vpon
 Then if they often haue command alone
 Especially if men doe hold them such
 As without them the State cannot be much

F 2

Besides

315

Besides it causes enuie on all parts,
 Many malignant humours will be bred,
 If that the Prince all powerfullnesse imparts,
 Solie to one, which eu'nly quartered
 Sets many spirits on worke and all are fed;
 At least with hopes, which else perhaps might fall
 To practise, if one hand ingrossed all.

316

Nor would I haue the Prince to nourish feares
 Or iealousies, of such as well deserue;
 But let them make, and keepe great spirits theirs;
 And let their fauours and their bounties serue
 As chaines to binde them, that they doe not swerue:
 From loyall dutie: stronger is that tye
 Then cunning practise of soule cruelty.

317

And since they must haue Agents of their will
 For execution of their enterprizes,
 Or be themselues ingag'd in action still,
 Let not vngrounded feares and false surmises
 vnapt their meanes, and crosse their owne deuises;
 For who suspects when no cause doth appeare,
 Doth giue a cause to that which he doth feare.

318

So *Commodus* and *Bassianus* so
 Two Princes of a most distrustfull braine
 Did spinne the thread of their owne overthrow
 By difference which they did entertaine,
 And were the meanes that they themselues were slaine
 By their most deare *Pirradus*, their false feare
 Making them guilty that before were cleare.

For

319

For where's the man that may in peace possesse,
 The happie blessings of a priuat state,
 Yet prostituts himselfe to wretchednes,
 To care of minde, to bodies toile, to hate,
 Of envie, to the violence of Fate,
 To techie times to dangers ymminent.
 Yf vertue finds no grace but discontente.

320

Therefore let Princes weigh their seruants meritts,
 And grace them most that have deserved best,
 So shall respected vertues raise new spirits
 And euery noble heart, and gentle brest,
 Will boyle with zeale, which will not let them rest;
 Till they haue rob'd of blood, each seuerall veine,
 To doe due seruice to their souereigne.

321

But if the Prince too much distastfull be
 Sad, sower, and of a melancholy minde,
 Hard of accessse, close handed, nothing free
 To best deseruers, cuer most vnkind,
 Let such a one assure himselfe to find
 False hearts and feeble hands, but certaine hate,
 If any danger threatens his estate.

322

Besides the foule defacing of his glory,
 And the remembrance of his liuing shame,
 Which will recorded be in euery story
 And euery Annall will report the same,
 And tax with hatefull tyranny his fame,
 And why should Kings be so ill gouerned (dead,
 That their black deeds should liue when they are

323

A thousand yeares and more are gone and past
 Since that *Iustinian* did the Empire sway,
 And yet his foule dishonour still doth last
 And will doe still while there is night and day
 Because he did vnworthily repay
 Thy seruices braue *Bellisarius*
 To whom he was vniustly tyrannous.

324

Why though he did pluck forth those eyes of thine
 Thy cheerefull lamps that lightned those darke daies,
 Yet thy great sets, mauer his malice shine
 As bright and glorious as the Sunny raies
 And time both sees, and speaks thy lasting praise
 And what though thou dost beg from dore to dore
 Thou shalt be rich in honour, he but poore.

325

Besides God doth ingratitude detest
 But loues kinde offices from man to man,
 For sweetnesse, goodnesse, priuate States are blest,
 And much more Kings, because indeed they can
 Doe much more good, they measure not byth'span,
 But by the ell, and as their meanes are more
 With abler wings, so must they higher soare.

326

And oh deare God, the fountaine of all good,
 How much obliged are these times to thee
 For one most blessed Prince of greatest blood,
 And yet of greater vertue, happy we
 Yea, ten times happy that haue liu'd to see
 So many rare perfections ioynd in one
 And that some one to sit vpon our throne.

327

I doe not purpose to perfume my rimes
 With the false breath of seruile flattery,
 I rather am to bold with these our times,
 But I apeale to Gods al-seeing eye,
 To which our closest drifts doe open lye,
 How my true pen writes from my feeling heart,
 When I great King but shadow what thou art.

328

And oh how blest, how deare the heauens doe loue
 That common wealth where veruious Princes sway,
 Oh sweet experience, now by thee we proue,
 We tast, we touch that blessing euery day;
 And grant (all guiding God) that long we may
 Long in himsele, and so long in his race
 Till there be neither roome for time nor place.

329

But whether hath my zeale my soules desire
 With seruient passion, led my pen astray;
 To my first subiect now I will retire,
 And bring my Muse into the beaten way,
 And sing of thy disaster and decay
 Oh fatall *Edward*, whose ill gouern'd Crowne
 Both ruin'd others, and thy selfe cast downe.

330

But yet of all thy multiplictie
 Of seuerall ills that doe vnhappy life,
 There was no greater infelicitie
 Then was the falscheood of his faulty wife,
 That bosomie wound, that deadly poyson'd knife
 That stabs the soule, and neuer finds reliefe
 But kills with outward shame, or inward grieve.

F 4

Oh

331.

Oh what a Chaos of confus'd ill,
Is in the Compasse of this one Contain'd!
First violation of Gods secret will,
Next parents, brother, Cozens are defam'd,
The Common wealth by basterdy is stain'd,
Inheriſances wrongfully poſſeſt,
The husband ſcorn'd wife loath'd, & babes vnbleſt.

332.

The feſterous ſore grows to a dangerous head
Now *Martimer* begins to play his prize,
A brauer Spirit, nature neuer bred,
Of goodly preſence to attract the eyes,
Of ſweet diſcourſe, wherein great influence lies,
Of high reſolute, and of a noble heart
No want of nature, and all aid of art.

333.

This was the *Paris*, which my *Hellen* wonne
And this *Prometheus* ſtole my heauenly fire,
This was the Eagle airing in the Sunne.
Hee's more then man that can reſtraine deſire,
Eſpecially being wag'd by ſuch a hire.
A Queene, and young, and faire, ſhees halfe a Ioue,
Whom honour, youth, & beaurie cannot moue.

334.

And though there be no iuſt excuſe for ſinne,
Yet *Jſabel*, this will I ſay for thee,
Tis hardly kept, what many ſeekes to winne,
The ſineſt cloth doth ſooner ſtaine we ſee.
Perhappes thou hadſt theſe preſidents from me,
Twas like for like, though wrong in thee it were.
Yet was it right and iuſt for, me to beare.

Beſides

335

Besides he did imploy all potent meanes,
 To vndermine the Bulwark of her brest,
 And oh that Sex too much by nature leanes
 To Change of loues, what need it be oppress
 With powerfull Art, but men will do their best
 To scale the fort, and till the same be won
 It is vndone desir'd, repented done.

336

And after many sweet enticing baits,
 When he had somthing diu'd into her heart,
 He then fir oportunitie awaits
 To act the last, and best of all his part,
 Wherein he was to shew his master Art,
 Which hauing got; thus he begins the field,
 To conquer her, that of her selfe did yeeld.

337

Faire Queene (quoth he) may I behold thy beautie,
 Why not (quoth shee) the Sunne is scene of all,
 And shall I speake respecting still my durie
 Why not (quoth shee) Ioue heares the Captiue thrall;
 Shall not disdaine on my endeuors fall. (worth
 Feare not (quoth she) great minds take all in
 Tis flint (no pearle) sends sparks of fire forth,

338

Then beautious Queene my words, shall vent my woe
 I loue, how sweet were thar same sound from thee.
 For once (quoth shee) I will be sure thine Ecchoe,
 I loue, it is no perfect poynt (quoth he)
 The sentence wants, except your Grace adds me,
 You said not so, I made but repetition,
 To greatest sums (faire Queen) needs no addition.
 Why

339

Why then (quoth she) what ist that I should adde,
 Adde fancie to affection (gracious Queene)
 Let not desire in tawny weeds be clad,
 No sure becomes sweet loue, so well as greene
 Add loue to loue, loue will more louely seeme,
 Belesue me (faire) stolne fruite contenteth most
 Then spare not that which being spar'd is lost.

340

Ah Mortimer thou know'st (quoth shee) I may not,
 Maddam (quoth he) I know you may, but will not,
 What if I will, why then sweet Queene delay not,
 Edward will know, why say he should, it skills not,
 Fame will defame; Fame well may hurt but kills not
 Danger may grow, that will indure delight, (white,
 As darkest grounds make wheate to seeme more

341

Thou wilt be false, then Sunne leese thou the light,
 Why being eclipsd thou knowest, it oft doth so:
 Let water burne, I now thou hitt'st it right,
 Euen from our bathes such boyling waters flow.
 Be constant Moone when I vnconstant grow,
 That fixeth lust, shee changing you vntrue,
 Nay, you the Moone, and I the Man in you.

342

He cry, doe Madame, shed some teares for ioy,
 You wrong me much, yet wrong'd you will not tell,
 I pray thee leaue, tis but an Idle toy.
 Tis true, and toyes, please Ladies very well.
 I cannot yeeld, no women must but spell,
 Men put together, that's my part to play,
 He fight, ile kille, and so begin the fray.

You

343

You will, nay then I must, because you will
 Women (poore soules) are weake and dare not fight
 Who euer rises we go downward still,
 And yet fond men will say that we are light
 Well tis our fortunes, and the destinies spight,
 I am content because I cannot choose,
 Tis best to take what boots not to refuse.

344

Thus *Mortimer*, this golden fleece did steale,
Desunt Nonnulla.

goe to thy loomes againe
 Unweari'd Muse, till thou hast wou'n'e at will
 The wofull storie of poore Edwards ill.

Tis

347

Tis our of Ayre whereby we liue and breathe,
 Tis not the Earth the mother of vs all,
 Nor Starres aboue, nor is it Hell beneath,
 Nor those same spirits which men their Dæmons call
 Nor chance which seemes to sway things casual
 That are the sole procurers of our euils,
 We to our selues are either Gods or Deuils.

348

But I was still the later of the twaine,
 My selfe-wrought wrack, beares witnesse of the same,
 And you great Lords that liu'd whilest I did raigne,
 And were consumed with the furious flame
 Of my enraged wrath, I will not blame
 Your wayward pride, nor yet my wines vntrush,
 My seed was sinne, my crop was shame and ruth.

349

And when did euer the accursed field
 Beare other haruest, then such thistles weed;
 Can poysoned Fountaines wholesome waters yeeld,
 Or doe not wormes out of corruption breed,
 Mischiefe the daname pregnant with sinfull seed,
 Brings forth her daughter Misery at last
 And they are alwayes glew'd together fast.

350

There can be no diuorce betwixt those twaine
 They mixe, or rather they incorporate,
 Like to the Poles of Heauen it doth remaine;
 Constant and fixt, sinne is vnfortunate
 Still drawing iudgements downe vpon each state
 Which sometimes are deferr'd not following straight
 But what time looseth is repaired with weight,
 How

How many houses haue beene rais'd by sinne,
 And flourish'd faire for one or two descents
 But still the third vnprosperous hath beene,
 And God hath crost them with some strange euent,
 Whereof these times yeeld many presidents :

But stay my Muse, if thou wilt shunne offence
 Thou must not meddle with the present tense.

Speake of the *Spencers* mighty in their dayes,
 Let *Edward* be the subject of thy pen,
 Who did his Minions to such greatnesse raise,
 That the whole State was by them manag'd then,
 As men with counters, so do Kings with men,
 Sometimes they stand for halfe pence, and anon
 What was but so, becomes a Million.

But when my Peeres did see how I was bent,
 To make base waxen wings to mount the Skie,
 whilst their faire plumes were pluckt with vile con-
 And they oppress'd with scorne and iniurie (tempe
 To last-left armes they got them by and by,
 They moued warre, the *Spencers* to remoue,
 Hate armed them, and I was arm'd by loue.

They leu'd men, I likewise men did leue,
 Both raised all the forces we could make ;
 A tyrants hand, they say was too too heuy
 A traytors head I said became a stake :
 They vow'd redresse, I vow'd reuenge to take,
 We met, and meeting fought, and fighting found
 No hurt more grieues than doth a selfe-wrought
 (wound
 Oh

355

Oh English Peeres relinquish impious Armes;
 Build not your weightiest actions vpon Sand,
 Tis not the collout of pretended harmes,
 Nor seeming zeale vnto your native land.
 Nor reformation though you beare in hand,
 The people so of some abuse of lawes,
 That can make lawfull, your vnlawfull cause.

356

These haue, and euer haue bin those smoth oyles,
 With which foule treason seekes to paint her face.
 That shee might seeme faire, pleasing, full of similes,
 So to win loue, and gaine the peoples grace.
 Who sillie Gudgions euer bite aspace,
 Vntill the fatall hooke be swallow'd downe,
 Which by ambition Angles for a Crowne.

357

Who euer practis'd against Prince or State,
 But alwayes did pretend the common good.
 Therby to draw into Contempt or hate,
 The course of gouernment as then it stood,
 This hath bin still the marrow life and bloud,
 Of such attempts, but heare the rule stands fast
 Whats thought on first, is executed last.

358

For when that once their priuat turne is seru'd
 The cares of common wealth is lai'd a side:
 That did but whet the knife with which they caru'd,
 For their owne good: that Vizor did but hide.
 Some secret ends not fit to be descride,
 Vntill accomplish'd which once brought to passe,
 The publicke state stands as before it was.

And

359

And for to Angle men, crimes must be made,
 Against the Prince, if he be without touch,
 If that no iust exceptions can be had,
 Then must the imputation rest on such
 As being neere the Prince are vsed much;
 For this is certaine they that stand on hie
 Are fairest marks for fowlest obloquie.

360

But though the Arrow seemeth at them aym'd
 Yet through their sides, it wounds the Princes brest
 Whose reputation cannot be but maym'd.
 By their reproach whom they do fauour best,
 And they that kill, the birds would spoyle the nest,
 But what's intended must be closely wrought
 And that pretended which was neuer thought.

361

Why should vaine man still doubt his actions thus,
 With outward whitelime, which are pitch'd within,
 Eu'n wicked kings must be endur'd by vs.
 What ere the cause be, Treason is a sinne:
 Rebellion armes cannot true honour win.
 The Sword is not the Subiects: his defence,
 In all extreames, is prayer and patience.

362

Therefore deere spirits, die not your siluer armes,
 Into a Sanguine with your mothers blood,
 Let not vnciuell hands, cause ciuill harmes:
 For priuat greefe, confound no publicke good,
 Nor all the water in the Ocean flood
 Can wash the sinne from you and your allies,
 For treason liues although the traitor dies.

Sweete

363

Sweet *Trent*, how were thy Christall waters stain'd
 With English blood, that was at *Barton* shed
 Let Burrow-bridge a *Golgotha* be nam'd,
 A field of Death, wherein lay buried
 So many people, and all natives bred, (employed
 Had those deere liues gainst Frenchmen beene
 We had not greiu'd, though they had liu'd or di'de.

364

At last the doubtfull victorie prou'd mine,
 The Barons lost the day, and lost their liues
 Their heads went off, whose hearts did so repine
 Against their Prince, for Treason seldome thrives.
 That great all-seeing God, whose knowledge Diues
 Into the deepest secret of the soule;
 Vniust contempns in Iustice doth controle.

365

Great Lancaster, then whom no greater Earle,
 This greatest Ile of Europe had before,
 Good Lancaster, in goodnesse such a pearle;
 That him the vulgar sort did long adore.
 Had then his head strooke off, and many more
 Euen of the greatest felt the selfe same stroke;
 So lightning spares the shrub, and teares the Oake.

366

The sword was sharpe, and wounded euery where;
 Many great men of noble qualitie
 In seuerall Cities were beheaded there,
 For beinst Actors in that trecherie,
 Which alwaies proues a mournfull Tragedy.
 For though I know the sword is due to such,
 Yet should a Prince forbear to strike too much.

For

367

For often executions in a state,
 (especiallie of men of fashion).
 First stir vp pittie, then dislike, then hate,
 Then close Complaint, then Combination,
 Then followes practise for some alteration.
 And that indangers all, if not withstood,
 Although vnprosperous, yet it spills much blood.

368.

And the same Throne that's often wet with blood,
 Is very slippry, apt to catch a fall.
 Yeelding no howres rest, nor pleasures good,
 Sleeping on thornes, and feeding vpon gall.
 Still thinking, meditating ill of all.
 Haunted with restless feares, whilst day doth last,
 And then at night with fearfull dreames agast.

369

Our Stories do report third Richard so
 (And without doubt he did too much let blood)
 Alwayes mistrustfull both of friend and foe.
 Readie to strike them that but neere him stood.
 Fearfull to all, such was his furious moode,
 And fearing all, as one that knew too well
 How manie soules did with his soule in hell,

370

Oh that a Prince might see a Tyrants minde,
 What Monsters, what *Chimeras* therein are
 What horrors in his soule, he still doth finde,
 How much himselfe, is with himselfe at war.
 Euer diuided full of thought and Care
 With Pistolls, Poniards, poysons he conceipts,
 And thinks each one for his destruction waits

G

Besides

371

Besides indeed, it is no policie,
 Except it be in a mere Turkish state,
 To make the Crowne a Common butcherie
 To gouern all by feare which breedeth hate
 In noble minds; and doth exasperate
 A freeborne people; where the Turkish race
 Feare best commands; being seruile poore & base;

372

Princes rewards should fall like gentle raine,
 Which coming softly doth the longer last;
 That their sweet relish might still fresh remaine.
 Their executions should be done in hast,
 Like sudden furious stormes that soone are past,
 Because when once the violence is done,
 Th'offence thereof may be forgot and gone.

373

One limbe of the great bodie that did band,
 It selfe against me in these factious fraies.
 Was *Mortimer*, who yet vpon command,
 Came in before the fight, & then straight waies,
 Sent to the Tower to spend his wearie dayes;
 In wretched bands restrain'd from libertie,
 But walls of stone kept not out destinie.

374

Which either finds or makes it selfe away;
 For *Mortimer* thus sent vnto the Tower,
 To free himselfe still labors night and day:
 And by a sleepey potion which had power
 To make men slumber till a certaine howre,
 He found the meanes (his keeper being fast)
 To make escape, and got to *France* at last.

This

375

This was nor done without my *Queenes* consent,
 Whose head and hand were working in the same,
 Little thought I that that way the hare went,
 But *Steenen Seyraue* only I did blame.
 Wretched mankind how bould we are to frame,
 Hopes to our selues, how blind to see our ill,
 That least wee feare, what most doth hurt vs still.

376

Do but obserue, how much we straine at Gnats,
 And swallow Camells downe without respect,
 And Hudwink. are we to discern those platts
 That hurt vs most, how readie to suspect,
 Our friends, for foes, how apt and prest r'effect,
 Our owne disaster, *Martimer* getts free,
 And others die, that lesse had wronged me.

377

And now I thought my selfe and State as sure,
 As if great *Atlas* did vphold the same:
 The drosse being purg'd my gold must needs be pure,
 The smoke once gon my fire must brightly flame,
 Their eyes were out, that mark'd & marr'd my game,
 They haue no heart to dare, or tongues to peach,
 Or hand to fight, or restles heads to reach.

378

But hartlesse, haplesse, yea and headlesse to;
 Are these disturbers of our awfull raigne
 Who would prescribe their Prince what he should do,
 And when and where, and why, and whom restraine.
 Like Pupils whom their Tutors do restraine,
 To trie with edge-tooles is a dangerous thing,
 And no way gainfull to controll a king.

G 2

Thus

379

Thus in a Calme, I fear'd no storme at all,
 But yet to loone a sudden Clowde did rise :
 From whence such store of wintrie stormes did fall
 As for my shrowde, no shelter could suffice.
 Vntrill pale death, had clos'd my teare-full eies.
 Oh bring with you what ever reads my fall,
 Sad thoughts, wet eies, and wayling woes withall.

380.

And thus it was, I sent my Queene to France,
 And after her, the Prince my Sonne I sent
 to treat a peace, but see the fatall chance,
 They brought home war, although for peace
 Th'ambitious woman, shee was fully bent, (they went,
 To haue sole rule, and meant to put me downe,
 So *Ninus* once did lose both life and Crowne.

381

There is more mercie in the Tigers Clawe,
 Lesse venome in the *Scorpions* sting doth lie
 More pittie in the hungrie Lions pawe,
 Lesse danger in the *Basiliske* his eye,
Hyena that doth call the goers by
 The *Panthers* breath, and *Crocodiles* false teares,
 Haue truer hearts then faithlesse women beares.

382

Let loosers speake, for they will not be let,
 I lost my Crowne, my life I also lost,
 My glorious rising, had a gloomie set
 My wife the Sea, wherein my Barke was tost,
 The wrack wherein I suffer'd shipwracke most,
 Shee *Clytemnestra*, *Agamemnon* I,
 Whom false *Aegisthus* fouly caus'd to dye.

His

383

His part, my Riual *Mortimer* did play,
Whom *Isabell* my Queene so well did loue,
That still in *France*, with him she ment to stay
As one that would the selfe same fortunes proue,
And moue no otherwise then he did moue,
Meane while the *Cuckoe* hatch'd in *Edwards* nest,
And in my Boat, his Oare was liked best.

384

They that enioy, and ioy in their owne loue,
Whose vertuous soules, no secret sinnes doe staine,
Who neuer did vnlawfull pleasures proue,
But trulie liuing are so lou'd againe,
Thrice happy they, and more contentments gaine,
Then those that haue the change, & choise of many
And vsing all, are neuer lou'd of any.

385

For streames diuided, run a shallower course,
Then they, that in one Channell only run,
A minde vnchast doth euer like them worse,
That are obtain'd, then those that are vnwon
Because it thinks some pleasure is to come.
Which yet it hath not found, and neuer ill,
Did seeme so sweet, but something wanting still.

386

For how can sin afford a full delight,
When as it is indeed a meere priuation:
As well may darknes be the cause of light,
And Heau'n re Hell be turn'd by transformation
As wickednes yeeld perfect contentation
The virtuous pleasures are compleat and sound
And lawfull is at last delightfull found.

G 3

Bnt

387

But lust is deafe, and hath no art to heare
 The cunning Charmer, charme he ne' reso well
 Which did too much in *Isabell* appeare.
 Who did resolute with *Mortimer* to dwell,
 And both of them did labour to expell
 Me from my kingdome, and to please the time,
 They made my sonne the collour of their crime.

388

And heere observe the foule effects of lust,
 What treasons, murders, outrage from it springs,
 How both to God and Man it is vnjust,
 How it defiles all States, confounds all things,
 And at the last to vtter ruine brings.
 How much more pure is that most holy fire,
 Which God doth blesse, and men themselues desire.

389

As *Mortimer* and *Isabell* my Queene,
 Practis'd in *France*, so heere they had their factions
 Of Earles and Barons, men of great esteeme,
 Both wise and stout to manage any actions,
 And the poore Commons grinded with exactions,
 To Innouation were most easily led,
 And nothing wanting but an able head.

390

But he that was chiefe workman of the frame,
 Which drew the plot at home for all the rest,
 Who afterwards did build vpon the same,
 A Bishop was, yet Churchmen should be best,
 But oftentimes, sinne lurks within their brest,
 When sacred titles, and religious names,
 Are but the Couters of vncomly shames.

391

'Twas *Tarlton* whose great spleene and working braine
 Was the producer of this monster first,
 Who for some priuar wrong he did sustaine,
 An inward hate, and bosome treason nurst,
 Against his Prince, which afterwards did burst
 Into these open flames from whence did grow,
 As hatefullills as euer age could show.

392

May then religion be a cloake for sinne,
 Can holiest functions serue but for pretences,
 Are Churchmen Saints without, and Devils within
 Dare men make good a Colleur for offences:
 Oh know with what fierce wrath he recompences,
 Eu'n simple sinners that scarce know his will, (ill,
 Then much more those, whose knowledge serues but

393

Most reuerend Priest-hood thou art now prophand,
 How comes thy glorious luster so obscure
 That eu'n thy very title is defam'd?
 The cause is plaine Professors are impure;
 Their liues do hurt, more then their tongues doe,
 For laymen thinke all lawfull which they doe (cure,
 And on that thought are easily drawne thereto.

394

And so there growes a confluence of all sinne,
 For sheepe will wander, if the shepherd stray, (swim,
 Small boats must drowne when great ships cannot
 If Doctors faile, what shall poore pupils say;
 God helpe the blind, if cleere eyes misse the way,
 Though sinne doth euer draw with it a curse
 Yet doth the Author make the sinne the worse

G 4

But

395

But to my selfe I doubted what to doe,
 For weighrie causes challenge heedfull care,
 I fear'd the French, I fear'd my Subjects too
 I wanted Crownes the sinnewes of the war
 Those that I had I thought not good to spare.
 But freely sent them to the king of *France*,
 For feare he should his sisters part aduance.

396

Whereby from thence she had no aide at all,
 Oh what a pleasing Orator is gold,
 How well he speaks that tells a golden tale,
 How sweetly sounds it both to young and old,
 And yet it loues not to be heard but told.
Orpheus did make the stones strange wonders doe,
 But this can moue both stones and *Orpheus* too.

397

Which when my Queene and *Mortimer* perceiu'd
 They leauing *France*, to *Henault* went for aid,
 And there with honor they were well receiu'd
 Forces prepar'd, and Ensignes were displaid.
 And ships were Rigg'd, and nothing was delayd,
 That might aduance their enterprize begun:
 So deepest sea's with smoothest silence run

398.

Theyooke the Sea, and landed at the last
 At *Orwell* Hauens, a deadly gulfe to me,
 And thither their Confederates did hast,
 Both Lords and Commons seemed to agree.
 As winds and waues consent when wracks shall be,
 All turne their faces to the rising sunne,
 Because my date was out and I vndone.

But

399

But when the voyce of Eagle-winged fame
 Had spread abroad the cause of their repayre;
 And seemed still to iustifie the same
 By due succession of my sonne and heire;
 My hope to feare, my feare turn'd to despaire
 And my despaire on these two grounds was laid,
 My Peeres were false, my Partizans dismaid,

400

Then did I flee from *London* where I lay,
 Because they seemed partially affected;
 And in my flight did often weepe and say,
 To what hard haps (poore Prince) art thou subjected
 What gloomy starres haue thus thy state infected,
 That they should hate, who ought to loue thee rather
 A haplesse King, a husband and a father.

401

Most mighty Monarchs haue beene oft distressed,
 Whom yet their wiues haue lou'd with tender care;
 And many in their matches curst, are blest
 Yet in their issue, but my cause is rare;
 In all of them, my fortunes farall are,
 They wrong me most that should protect me rather,
 A haplesse King a husband and a father.

402

Some say that Kings are Gods vpon the earth
 And marriage, *quasi* merry-age some surmise.
 God giue vs ioy they say at childrens birth:
 What God am I, whom traitrous men despise,
 And marre-age from my marriage doth arise,
 There reape I care where most content should
 A haplesse King, a husband and a father. (gather
 And

403

And thus I fled, my Queene pursu's amaine,
 So runnes the hare for life, the hound for prey;
 Few follow'd me, but thousands were her traine;
 So flies swarme thickest in the Sunne-shine day
 At last at *Oxford* did she make some stay
 With all her troopes, and did deliberate,
 What course to take with me, and with the State.

404

There did her Tutor *Tarleton* thinke it fit,
 Of their chiefe drift remonstrance for to make,
 Who being of good discourse and pregnant wit,
 To broach the matter, first did vndertake,
 He preach'd, his text was this, *My head doth ake*;
 Whereon dilating, he did seeme to proue
 That Subjects might a King their head remote.

405

And in that compasse he concluded me,
 And so concluded I should be depos'd,
 A dangerous and detested heresie
 By some infernall fury first compos'd
 In hell, where long the Monster lay inclos'd
 Till impious spirits, swolne with insolence
 To curbe all christian Princes brought it thence

406

Why should such diu'lisn principles be broach'd,
 By them that seeme to bring Gods Embassie?
 Why should the Pulpit be so much reproach'd
 As to be made a place to tell a lie?
 To serue a turne to such impietie;
 But they that onely their owne ends affect
 Nor God, nor man, nor heauen, nor hell respect.

No

407

No worthy minde will charge me to disclose
 With cursed *Cham* my fathers secret shame,
 Though my free muse doe somewhat touch at those
 Of holy Church, whose actions full of blame
 Haue sold themselues (not function) with defame,
 Nor ist a wonder, though these blinded times
 Did hatch both monstrous men, & monstrous crimes

408

William whose sword did seat him in his throne
 Brought with him *Odo* Bishop of *Bayone*,
 Whose pride, whose lust, whose irreligion,
 Whose symmonie to buy the See of *Rome*,
 Incenst his brother to iust wrath, by whom
 Th'aspring Priest in prison was restrain'd
 And not releas'd as long as *William* raig'n'd.

409

And had the head-strong man beene still held in,
 (*Rufus*) thy raigne had beene more easie farre,
 For hauing head, he labour'd still to win,
 All discontented spirits, that alwaies are
 Apt to take fire vnto a ciuill warre;
 And the corrupted humours drawne to head
 In Prince and State great inflammations bred,

410

When second *Henry* wore the *Diadem*
 How did ambitious *Becket* toyke the State?
 Who made the Pope to interdict the Realme?
 Who with the French King did confederate?
 Who vnder hand nurst man and wiues debate?
 Who drew the sonne to armes against the fire?
 'Twas *Becket* that most kindled all the fire.

What

411

What bitter storme had almost wrackt the State
 By Clergies practise whilst King *John* did raigne;
 Six yeares the Realme stood excommunicate,
 And vnder interdiction did remaine,
 People and Peeres drawne from their soueraigne,
Lewis of *France* brought in to weare the Crowne
 If by his forces *John* were shoulder'd downe.

412

Who almost sinking with so rough a blast
 Finding himselfe vnable to withstand
 To saue his Crowne, was forced at the last
 For to resigne vnto the Pope this Land,
 And by a rent to farme it at his hand,
 Then all was well, the Clergies turne was seru'd
Lewis was curst, and *John* had well deseru'd.

413

Doe Kingdomes then serue but for tennis-balls
 For holy Church to racket vp and downe,
 Must Scepters be dispos'd by Bishops Palls,
 Or shall a Prince make forfeit of his Crowne
 If a poore Prelate chance to fret and frowne,
 If they can carry it so, I like their wit,
 But sure I am, 'tis not by holy writ.

414

When *straw* his base rebellious troopes did gather
 And drew the Commons to a dangerous head:
 One *Ball* a Priest, or one of *Baals* Priests rather;
 By close seditious Libels which they spread,
 By rimes, and old said sawes he much mislead
 The vulgar sort, and made their madnesse more
 Which in it selfe did rage too much before.

When

415

When *Lancaster* King *Richard* did depose
 His chiefe Assistant, *Thomas Arundell*
 Primate of *England* did absolue all those
 That ioynd in that foule action, to expell
 Their rightfull King and did in substance tell
 The very tale that *Tarleton* earst had tould,
 So oft this Realme by them was bought and sold.

416

Whilst *Humphrey* Duke of *Gloucester* rul'd the Sate,
Henry the sixt then being vnder age,
 What bloody tumults with intestine hate,
 Were here vntimely rais'd by *Beauford*s rage
 Which was so fell that nothing could assuage
 His rank'rous spleene, nor would he stint the strife,
 Till by foule practise *Gloucester* lost his life.

417

Richard the third that did vsurpe the Crowne,
 And swomme through blood to get the kingly place;
 Had he not *Shew* a Clerke of great renounce:
 Before that time he in the peoples Grace
 Who at *Pauls Crosse* did bastard *Edwards* race,
 Defam'd the dead, forg'd, wrested, soothed faine,
 Ventur'd his soule, a tyrants loue to win.

418

But stay, I handle with too hard a touch,
 The Churches wounds, that now are fairly heal'd,
 then were the hudwinckt times, then were they such
 In those darke dayes, now is the truth reueal'd,
 Now are those former errors all repeal'd,
 And now the Sunne illumines all our clyme
 Most learned Fathers, answer ye the time.

B

419

Be (as you should be) Lamps to giue vs light,
 And shining Startes to grace the Firmament,
 Though you doe reach, and we beleine aright,
 Yet munde vnsetled sooner will be bent
 When they shall see your words and workes consent,
 And therefore let your liues, your faith expresse,
 And proue by practise what you doe professe,

420

Whilst I, and my Queene and *Tarleton* plaid
 The Pageant thus, the Current went so swift,
 That I thought fit, vntill the fury sta'd
 In some close priuate place a while to shift:
 And, for the Land seem'd crosse vnto my drift,
 I did resolute by sea to seeke some clime
 Where I might harbour till some happier time.

421

And so I left the land, and tooke the seas,
 But sea and land conspir'd vnto my taking,
 For neither plaints nor prayers could appease (king
 The windes and waues which far'd as they were ma-
 Sharpe war betwixt themselves whilst I stood quaking
 For feare lest I the subiect of their strife
 Should end their warre by ending of my life,

422

And yet thrice happy had poore *Edward* beene
 If death had ended then his wearie dayes;
 But cast on shoare in Wales, I liu'd vnseene
 In pathes, in woods, in vnfrequented waies
 With those few friends which whilom I did raise,
Balduke and *Redding*, young *Spencer* and no more
 Who in my fall their ruine did deplore.

Of

423

Of all the swarmes that follow'd kingly raigne,
 Of all the friends that fawn'd on awfull pride,
 Loc only this poore remnant did remaine:
 A true loue knot with sad affliction tide:
 Who suffering, and who sorrowes were t' abide,
 For wretched men compassionate each other,
 And kinde compassion is afflictions mother.

424

Oh see what quick sands honour treads vpon,
 How Icie is the way that greatnes goes.
 A mightie Monarch late attended on,
 With supple hammes, smooth browes, submissiue shewes
 For many followers, he hath many foes.
 False fawning friends from falling fortunes runne,
 As *Persians* vie to curse the setting Sunne.

425

When *Joue* had made the chiefe of all his Creatures,
 Whom we call man (a litle world indeede)
 The gods did praise his well proportiond features,
 Each in their functions seruing others neede.
 But prying *Momus* (taking better heed)
 Obseru'd at last one error in his Art
 Because he made no windowes in his heart.

426

Oh that the glorious Architect of man,
 Had made transparent glasses in the brest,
 What place should be for Politicians then,
 How should dissembling growe in such request,
 And Matchiaullian Atheisme prosper best,
 But temporising is the way to clime,
 There is no musick without keeping time

427

I shall not doe amisse, if I do sing,
 Those heauy Antheims our sad consort made
 Whilst they did warble with their wretched king,
 As we did sorrowing sit in silent shade,
 The sudden downfall reeling greatnes had
Balducke quoth I out of *Philosophie*,
 Extract some medicine for our miserie.

428

Deere Prince (quoth he) whom late our eies beheld,
 In greatest glorie that the world could see.
 Whilst thou with awfull maiestie didst wield,
 The publicke State, let it no wonder be
 If some few Stars proue opposite to thee.
 Since in their fauour none so firmly stood,
 But they haue giuen griefe as well as good.

429

Do but obserue the fauorite of Chance,
 Her chiefest Mynion highest in her Grace,
Philips great sonne, whom thee did so aduance,
 Who did subdue the East in litle space,
 Vnto whose Armes th' amazed world gaue place.
 Whose actions are the subiect of all stories,
 He poyson'd dies amidst the world of Glories.

330

I list not wade in telling tragick tales,
 Sufficeth this, all greatnes is vnfire:
 Stormes rage more fiercely on the hills then dales,
 Shrubs better then high Cedars winds indure
 Those Collours soonest staine that are most pure,
 Oh let him graspe the Clouds and span the skies,
 That can assure himselfe felicities.

431

In all that this same massie world doth hold,
 There is a certaine mixture to be found,
 Either of drie, or moist, or hot, or cold,
 Of which, if any one too much abound,
 The bodie oft afflicted proues vnfound,
 But being kept in iust proportion,
 They do maintaine a happy vnion.

432

So fares it in our fortune and our State,
 Nothing is simply sweet, or simply lower.
 Our wealth is mixt with woe, our loue with hate,
 Our hope with feare, and weaknes with our power.
 Bright moones breed mists, the fairest morne a showre,
 And as there is an Autumne and a spring,
 So change by course is seene in euerie thing.

433

The winds thatt now at South, will change to Nore,
 The greenest Groues will turne to witherd hay,
 The Seas both ebbe and flow at euerie shore;
 The Moone doth wax and waine, yet nor decay,
 Day drawes on night, and night drawes on the day:
 Our selues once babes, now men, then old, straight
 Do plainly proue a change in euery one. (none,

434

Wise Politicians, and deepe sighted sages,
 That haue discourst of Common wealths with care,
 Both of our time, and of precedent ages,
 Obserue in them a birth when first they are,
 A growth which oft extendeth verie far,
 A state wherein they stand (so change withall)
 And then at last a dismall fatall fall.

H

Rome

1435

Rome had her being first from *Romulus*,
 Her growth from *Consuls* that were Annuall
 Her State most flourish'd in *Ottavins*,
 Many conversions, these most principall,
 From kings to *Consuls*, last Imperiall,
 And who sees not she is now ruined
 And in her Ruines now lies buried.

436

The greatest and best grounded Monarchie,
 Hath had a period, and an ouer throw;
 There is no constant perpetuie,
 The streame of things is carried to and fro,
 And doth in euer-rauning Channells goe.
 If then great Empires are to changes bending
 We weaker States are warned from their ending.

437

Ruines of king domes, and their fatall harmes,
 From one of these same causes do arise,
 From Ciuill furie, and from forren Armes
 Or from some plague doom'd from the angrie skies,
 Or worne by wasting time, dissolued dies,
 For as the fruit once ripe, falls from the tree,
 So common wealths by age subuerted be.

438

If these be rocks that shipwrack Monarchies,
 Are priuate States exempted from the same?
 Where liues the man hath such immunities?
 'Tis hard to scape vnscorch'd in common flame,
 Or parts to stand when ruin'd is the frame.
 Those publike harmes, that Empires do decay,
 In priuate States do beare a greater sway.

439

Five hundred yeeres some that are curious wise
 Would haue the period of a publike State,
 And they appoint for priuat families.
 Some six or seauen discent the vtmost date,
 I dare not so precisely calculare;
 But without doubt there is a fixed time,
 In which all states haue both their set and prime.

440

Let these be motiues (oh delected great one)
 To calme the tempest of thy stormie care,
 And though I must confesse, it well may fret one;
 The past and present fortunes to compare,
 Yet since in all things changes common are,
 Think ebd estates may grow, and thinke withall,
 What happs to one to euerie one may fall.

441

Thus *Baldocke* chaf'd, and *Reading* thus began,
 But first his eyes dewd downe a weeping raine,
 Oh thou (once glorious) now eclipsed sunne,
 Now thou art clouded, yet must cleere againe,
 With courage therefore hopefull thoughts retaine.
 For oft those winds that drawes the clouds together
 By their disperse occasioneth faire weather.

442

But I intend no comment on this text
 Nor will I harrow that which he did sowe,
 What I applie to thy sad soule perplex
 With those dismaies, that from thy fortunes flow,
 Out of th'assured grounds of truth doth grow,
 Then make good vse thereof, and learne thereby,
 This soueraine salue for thy sad mallady.

H 2

AM

443

All things that boundlesse thought can once conceiue
 Sacred, prophane, of Elements compos'd
 Vnbodied spirits, or what else doth receiue
 A being, when or where, or how dispos'd
 Within one triple Circle, are inclos'd,
 Being eternall or perpetuall,
 Or els indeed, but meerlie temporall.

444

That is eternall which did not begin
 Nor euer ends, And only God is so
 Who hath for euer, and for euer bin,
 Whom no place circumscribes nor times forgoe,
 Nor limits bound, nor thoughts can fully know
 Whom we so much the more ought to admire,
 How much the lesse to knowledge we aspire.

445

That is perpetuall which in time began,
 But neuer any time shall end againe,
 Such are the Angels, such the soule of man,
 Such are those spirits that liue in restless paine,
 (Rebellious spirits against their Soueraigne,)
 All these were made as pleas'd the makers will,
 Once to begin, but to continue still.

446

Lastly, those things are counted temporall,
 Which had beginnings, and shall haue their ends,
 And in that ranck the world it selfe doth fall,
 So honor, riches, strength, allies and friends:
 All which by nature to corruption bends,
 And in this sence tis true Philosophie,
 What doth begin shall end most certainly.

And

447

And therefore make not things so weake and vaine,
 To be thy God, as if they were eternall;
 Nay do not prize them as an equall gaine,
 Vnto thy soule, which is perpetuall.
 But hold them, as they are, but temporall,
 And since their nature is, to cease to be,
 Thinke they obserue but their due course with thee.

448

The spacious world is fortunes Tennis Court,
 Men are the balls, which with her Racket (Time)
 Shee tosses to and fro, for her disport,
 Sometimes aboue, sometimes beneath the line,
 Now bounding, straight strooke dead, but yet in fine
 All goe into the hazard that's the Graue,
 And they once gone, shee other balls must haue.

449

So silent he, and then spake *Spencer* so,
 To my discourse, (deere Prince) vouchsafe thine cares
 And since we all do share alike in woe,
 Let me haue leaue to tune my voyce like theirs,
 Vnited forces, greater virtue beares,
 And all of vs, leuell our aimes at this,
 To make thee thinke the world but as it is.

450

Which (oh) that our experience prou'd not true,
 Would we did sit vpon the quiet Strand,
 And thence behould the Rack that should ensue,
 And pittie others, we secure on land,
 But our estates in doubtfull hazard stand,
 Succeeding ages in our fall may read
 How all things hang but by a slender thred.

H 3

Such

451

Such is the sad condition of each State,
 Annexed to it, by eternall doome,
 Which is enroled in the booke of fate.
 From whence the least occurrents heere do come,
 That happen from the Cradle to the Toombe.
 For though our fortunes seeme but casuall,
 The finger of the highest is in all.

452

And 'tis a worke of his all guiding will,
 Whose boundlesse knowledge sees which is the best
 In our whole life, to mingle good with ill.
 Contents with crosses, quiet with vnrest,
 Least we should hould the world in such request,
 That for the same we should abandon heav'n,
 And sower our selues with too much earthly leau'n.

453

For who sees not how much the world bewitches
 Who feels not how the flesh is apt to yeeld,
 Especially made insolent with riches.
 How hard it is prosperitie to wield,
 How proudly sitteth sinne with such a shield
 When lustfull ease, and full satietie,
 And pleasing tongues still draw on vanitie.

454

We may euen of our selues an instance make,
 When did we entertaine such thoughts as these,
 Or when did we this theame for Subject take.
 Whilst sinne (begot with greatnesse, nurst with ease,
 Confirm'd with vice) did seeke all meanes to please,
 The pleasant humor, that did most delight,
 And fram'd our wills, according to our might.

But

455

But now afflicting sorrow doth assaile vs,
 We tune our Consort to another key,
 We change our minds because our meanes do faile vs
 And those Lew'd motives being remou'd away,
 Which did induce vs so to run astray,
 We now recall our wandring thoughts againe,
 And from our troubles take our trust ayme.

456

Oh sad affliction though thou seeme seuer,
 Yet oftentimes thou draw'st vs vnto God,
 Who strikes for to instruct, and clouds to cleere.
 So doth the tender father vse the Rod,
 So bitterst herbs in medicin, oft are sod,
 Of easie Raines who doth no reck'ning make,
 Must needs be ridden with a rougher brake.

457

If thus thou dost account thou reck'nest euen
 And thou shalt summe thy sorrowes with delight,
 God strikes on earth, that he may stroake in heauen,
 He giues a Talent, when he takes a mite,
 And least thy soule should liue in endlesse night,
 He sends his Herauld only to this end,
 That thou mightst be his follower by thy friend.

458

He ceast, I said *Spencer* I find it true,
 Eu'n from my selfe I can the prooffe deriue,
 Calamitie doth fashion vs anew.
 Remorsefull griefe into the soule doth diue,
 And sorrow makes repentant thoughts to thrine,
 But full sad soules and fortunes soaring hie
 Thinke neither how to liue nor how to die.

459

I must confesse the truth, the time hath bin
 Whilst my sweet canded fortune lasted still,
 I neuer thought on things that were vnscene;
 I only was obsequious to my will.
 My sence my god, whose befts I did fulfill.
 And my deluded soule did place her good,
 Only in that, that pleas'd my wanton blood.

460

How often did I plot impietic,
 And fashion it vpon my sinfull bed,
 Still hunting after fresh varietie,
 Longing to act, what was in fancie bred,
 How much were all occasions wellcomed
 By which I might adde heat vnto my fire,
 And still new formes were fram'd by my desire.

461

And that I might do ill without controule,
 Without all Check or touch of conscience;
 How often did I say vnto my soule,
 Inioy a present good be rul'd by sence.
 Not by opinion or conceipt, from whence
 Some curious braines haue forg'd strange nouelties,
 But be thou wise, and follow realties.

462

But *Spencer*, now I finde, I was a foole,
 And like *Ixion* did a Cloude imbrace,
 Calamitie hath set me now to schoole,
 Where though I feele more grieve, I find more grace,
 And now I see, how wretched was my case
 Whilst being bewitch't with false felicitie,
 I thought religion but meere policie.

But

463

But now my soule grieues with the weight of sinne,
 And I ly prostrate at my makers feet,
 I do confesse, how sottish I haue beene,
 How my distast hath taken sower for sweet
 I find a God whose iudgements now I meet:
 Dam'd Atheist thou, that saiest there is no God,
 Thou wilt confesse one, when thou feel'st his rod.

464

Let *Pharoe* liue at rest, and he will wage
 War against Heauen, and aske who is the Lord
 Nay more and more, the Tyrant still shall rage
 Till God draw forth his sharpe auenging sword,
 Till his iust plagues no breathing time afford.
 Then I haue sinn'd pray for me, let them goe,
 And then who goe's as *Pharoe*, learns to know.

465

So doth the sharpest bryer beare sweetest rose,
 And bitterst medicines, purge the bodie best,
 How wondrously doth God his works dispose.
 That eu'n by crosses he can make vs blest
 And hath our cheifest ioy in sorrowes nest,
 Then let vs not repine against his doome
 But weane our web, as we haue warp'd our loome.

466

And Reading of the world thou reade'st right
 It is indeed but meerly temporall
 Eu'n those deare pleasures, wherein men delight,
 Friends, honours, riches, all are casuall,
 And as they haue their honey, so their gall:
 Ther's nothing certaine in the world, but this
 That euery worldly thing vncertaine is.

These

467

These were our parties as we sat alone,
 These tearfull tributes daily were defrayd,
 Now did we walke and weepe, now sit and groane,
 Till faithlesse *Wals*, me (friendly wretch) betraid
 Into their hands, who straight waies me conuaid
 To *Kenebworth*, where I imprison'd lay
 And neuer after saw one blisfull day.

468

For first I was depos'd by Parliament
 From Princely rule, as one not fit to raigne,
 Both Peeres and people all did giue consent,
 That I vnking'd in durance should remaine,
 And sent their agents to me to explaine
 That if I would not to the same resigne
 Thai'd choose a Prince out of some other line.

469

Oh English Peeres weigh what you take in hand
 Looke but with iudgement into your designe,
 That which you now attempt will wrack the land
 The wounds whereof will bleed in after-time,
 And babes vnborne, will curse your hatefull crime,
 For what so doth peruert the course of things
 Wrath, enuy, death and desolation brings,

470

There is a lawfull and a certaine right,
 Which alwaies must be kept inviolate,
 And being infring'd by practise or by might,
 Drawes fearefull iudgements downe vpon the Stare,
 Then you or yours will with, although too late
 That I had kept my rightfull intrest still
 And you had not beene agents in this ill.

When

471

When your owne children shall each other wound
 And with accursed hands gore others brest,
 When ciuill fury shall your State confound,
 Then will you say his ghost is not at rest
 He 'ris whom vainely we haue dispossest
 The second *Edward* for whose sacrifice
 Your nephewes then shall play a bloody prize.

472

Neuer, oh neuer was the rightfull course
 Of this our Crowne perverted or suppress,
 But still the same hath beene a fatall source
 Of many mischiefs, and of much vnrrest:
 And as the land hath beene therewith oppress,
 So the Vsurper neuer kept it long,
 In any quiet, what he got with wrong.

473

William who with his sword did win the Crowne
 Getting by conquest, what he kept with care,
 The true and lawfull heire being shoulderd downe
 Like a wood Lion (his owne word) did fare
 Against the English whom he did not spare
 Or young or old, that were of worth or place,
 And for the rest, he yolk'd with bondage base.

474

And as he toild the land with his vnrrest
 So tasted he his share of miserie
 Robert rebels, a bird of his owne nest
 The Normans brake forth into iniury
 The oppressed English hatcht conspiracie,
 Alwaies in forreine brawles or ciuill strife,
 And so waste forth a wretched weary life.

Nay

475

Nay death the period-maker of all moane,
 Eu'n against nature followes him with spight,
 The mightie Prince by thousands waited on,
 Being dead is left alone forsaken quire,
 No sonne, no friend to doe him his last right,
 None that vouchsaf'de to giue him buriall;
 But vnregarded lay despit'd of all.

476

Nay more the ground where he should be inter'd
Anselme fitz Arthur, his dead bones to spight,
 Claim'd as his owne, a thing scarce euer heard,
 And, for the Prince there dead by lawlesse might,
 Had worm'd him out of that which was his right;
 On Gods behalfe, he did forbid them all,
 Within his earth to giue him buriall.

477

Nor would he cease the challenge he had made,
 Nor yet durst they inter his corps therein
 Vntill a summe of money was defraide
 With which they paid the rancome for his sinne,
 So much adoe had this great Prince to win,
 That which none doth the poorest wretch deny,
 A bed of peace, where his dead bones might lie.

478

Nor was the streame of miserie thus staied,
 The date of our affliction lasted still:
 There is not yet sufficient rancome paid,
 The ill got Scepter must be swaid as ill.
Rufus succeeds, and still more blood doth spill.
 Still hauecks more, and still doth tyrannize,
 Vntill by sudden violence he dies.

Nor

479

Nor did the Crowne stand well on any head,
 Till *Beuclark* got the Scepter in his hand
 Who to the *Saxon Maude* being married,
 Some beames of comfort cheer'd the drooping land,
 And then our State in peacefull tearmes did stand
 Till *Henry* di'd and *Stephen* vniustly got
 The Crowne, and set new troubles here on foot.

480

Then burst there forth an all consuming flame,
 The Empresse *Maude* sought to acquire her right
Stephen had the Crowne, and he would keepe the same
 Vntill she could reconer it by fight,
 Then follow'd all the hostile Acts of might
 Sword, fire, rapes, murders, leagers, waft and wrack,
 And nothing of extreamest ills did lack.

481

So hath iniust succession scourg'd this Realme
 At length *Stephen* dies after a wretched raigne,
 Then second *Henry* weares the Diadem
 In whom the rightfull title did remaine
 And then our State did happy fortunes gaine,
 Then did our strength encrease, our bands extend,
 And many Nations to our yoke did bend.

482

Then *Richard* his braue sonne did next succeed,
 In a iust course of all things prosper'd well,
 In *Syria* he did many a worthy deed
 The Easterne world of his exploits can tell,
 And many thousand miscreantes sent to hell
 By those vnconquer'd armes haue prou'd long since
 That *Cordelion* was a Peerelesse Prince.

He

483

He dead, young *Arthur* should haue had the Crowne,
 The sonne of *Jeffrey*, who was *Henries* sonne,
 Had not King *John* his vncke put him downe,
 Who being hal'd on by ambition
 Diuerts the courle of true succession,
 Makes himsele King, vsurps the Princes name,
 And murders *Arthur* to secure the same.

484

And now, (oh) now begins our Tragedie,
 where death and horror onely actors are;
John gouerns, as he got prepostrously,
 And doth both with his Peeres and Clergie iarre:
 Then *James* sets wide ope the gates of warre
 And then the land with bloud was ouerflowne
 And none could safely call his owne his owne.

485

Then were the Cities sackt the fields laid waste,
 The virgins forc'd, the marriage bed defild,
 Then were the ancient Monuments defac'd
 The Ports vnt Traffick'd, landed vp and spoil'd,
 Eu'n God himsele seem'd heere to bee exil'd:
 The land was curs'd, all sacred rights were bar'd:
 And six yeares space no publick prayers were heard.

486

Then did the King lease forth the Realme to *Rome*,
 Then did the Peeres of *France* betray the Crowne;
 Oh Heauens great King, how fearefull is thy doome,
 How many mighty plagues canst thou poure downe,
 Vpon a Nation, when thou please to frowne.
Arthur, it was the wrong done thee of late
 That made the Heauen so to afflict our State.

Oh

487

Oh no, although third *Henry* was the man
 In whom the lawfull title was inuested,
 For *Arthur* dead, the right was then in *John*;
 And *John* deceast, the same in *Henry* rested,
 Yet that the world should see how God detested
 Such wrongfull meanes, acts so vniustly done
 The fathers whip is made to scourge the sonne.

488

For still the ciuill fury wound the State
 During the time of *Henries* pupil age,
 And still the Peeres swolne with intestine hate
 Against their harmelesse Prince being vnder age
 Combine themselves with *France*, and when that rage
 Was spent, the Barons warre broke forth againe,
 So full of tumults was third *Henries* raigne.

489

He dead, my father *Longshanks* then did raigne,
 And in due course succeeded next his sire;
 Then all afflictions did begin to wayne
 And *England* did to peace and wealth aspire,
 Nor did the streame of blisse flow euer higher;
 Then when first *Edward* mannaged the State
 Prudent in peace, in warres most fortunate.

490

That noble Prince to me my breath did giue
 Whom I succeeded in a rightfull line,
 You all haue sworne allegiance whilst I liue
 And will you now enforce me to resigne,
 Will you againe with wicked hands vnrwyne,
 That sacred chaine whereon depends our good
 And drowne this Island once againe in bloud.

Oh

491

Oh if you doe disorder thus the Crowne
 And turne the lawfull course another way,
 If you vnjustly wring from me my owne,
 You spinne a thread to worke your owne decay,
 And my Prophetick soule doth truely say
 The time will come when this vnjust designe
 Shall draw downe wrath on this unhappy clyme.

492

And from my stock two branches shall arise,
 From whom shall grow such great disunion,
 As many thousand lines shall not suffice
 To reunite them both againe in one.
England shall waste more deare blood of her owne
 Against her selfe, then would suffice to obtaine
 All *France*, and conquer *Germany* and *Spain*.

493

But when that men are bent to do amisse,
 Then all perswasions are but spent in vaine,
 The Parliament was resolute in this
 That I their King no longer should remaine;
 Where to, if I oppos'd my selfe 'twas vaine,
 They were resolu'd, and my perversnesse might
 Make them perhaps to doe my sonne lesse right.

494

Which when I heard, thinke how my soule did warr
 Within it selfe, which way I should decline;
 Deare was my sonne, my selfe was dearer farre;
 Through my eclipse, must I procure his shine?
 Cannot he raigne, vnlesse I now resigne?
 My father di'd ere I could get the Crowne,
 I liue, and now my sonne must put me downe.

My

495

My sonne? alas poore Prince it is not he,
 For many wolues maske in that Lambes attire;
 Proud *Mortimer* 'tis thou vnerownest me,
 Luxurious *Queene* this is thy soule-desire,
 And moody *Tarleton* bellows of this fire,
 'Tis thou that art the marrow of this sinne,
 My sonne doth serue but for the outward skin.

496

You are the wheelles that make this clock to strike
 My fatall houre, the last of all my good;
 For this is not the hight of your dislike,
 Death is the fruit, when treason is the bud;
 Such practises doe alwaies end in blood,
 When others stumble, Kings fall headlong downe,
 There is no meane betwixt a graue and Crowne.

497

For this is certaine, sinne doth alwaies finde
 Within it selfe sufficient cause to feare,
 'Tis dangerous to trust a guilty minde
 The Creditor remou'd, the debt's thought cleare,
 Men hate whom they haue wrong'd, and hating feare,
 And fearing will not cease till they haue prou'd
 All meanes by which the cause may be remou'd.

498

Therefore would I might leade a priuate life
 In some sequestred place which none might see,
 Where I might see to reconcile the strife
 That sinne hath made betwixt my God and me,
 Or if the ranome of my Crowne were free,
 My life from slaughter, little would I grieve,
 For none so wretched, but desires to liue.

I

And

499

And yet why should I lose or life or Crowne,
 Are liues, or Crownes so light and easie losses?
 'Tis vaine to aske why fortune lists to frowne,
 Or to enquire the causes of our crosses,
 When ships on sea, stormes, winds, and billowes toss;
 It boots not aske why winds and stormes should rise
 For powerful heauens respects not humane wishes.

500

The stately Steed that champs the steelie bit,
 And proudly seemes to menace friend and foe,
 Doth sling and some, and boundeth oft, and yet
 Poore beast perforce, he is inforc't to goe,
 Euen so far'd I, and since it must be so;
 As good the same should seeme to come from me
 'Twas best to will, what gainst my will must be.

501

And so I made a solemne resignation
 Of all my right and title to me sonne,
 And herewithall an earnest protestation,
 Which was with sighes and weeping teares begun
 How much I grien'd that I had so misdone
 As to procure thereby my peoples hate
 And so be thought vnworthy of the state.

502

Which since I was, I willingly would giue
 Vnto my sonne, my State and Maiestie,
 Desiring them to giue me leaue to liue,
 And not too much tread on my miserie:
 For I had once their faith and fealtie,
 Which though I now discharg'd and set them free,
 Though not obey, yet should they pittie me.

The

503

The Crowne had often made my head to ake,
 And I prai'd God my sonne felt not the same,
 Whom they should no lesse value for my sake;
 Since by his vertue he might salve my shame,
 And well I hop'd my president would tame
 All youthfull humours which are easily led
 Vnto those courses which confusion bred.

504

And heere though grieve my senses did orewhelme
 And I seem'd dead, yet that no barre might be;
 Sir *Thomas Trussell* Knight for all the Realme,
 Did then renounce obedience vnto me,
 And of all faith and seruice set them free,
 My Steward brake his staffe, my state before
 Was now discharg'd, and I was King no more.

505

Marke what pretences wrong can make of right,
 How loath men seeme 'gainst iustice to offend,
 Oh sacred vertue thou art full of might,
 When eu'n thy foes, thy title will pretend,
 As if thy onely shadow could amend
 All wrongfull acts, but now it's growne a vse
 Thou must be made a cloake to hide abuse

506

But when I had thus parted with my Crowne,
 I did bewaile the waining of my State,
 Poore Prince said I, how low art thou cast downe
 From that high heau'n which thou enioyd'st of late,
 Thou hast no prospect but an iron grate,
 Thy costly hangings, ragged walles of stone,
 And all thy solace, solitarie meane.

I 2

Now

307

Now of a Cushion thou must make a Crowne,
 And play the mock-king with it on thy head,
 And on the earth thy Chaire of State sit downe.
 And why not so since thou art earthly bred?
 But for a Scepter how wilt thou be sped?
 Why take a brand, and shake it in thy hand,
 And now thou art a king of high command.

308

All guiding heaven what change do I indure!
 I had wealth as will, but wealthy now in want,
 Then men my pleasure, now my griefe procure,
 Then change of houses, now in Chamber scant:
 Then thoughts of rest, now restless thought doth place
 The sad remembrance of my wretched fate!
 What now I am, and what I was of late.

309

Me thinks the Birds vpbraid me in their songs
 And early sing my shame in euery place,
 Me thinks the waters murmur forth my wrongs,
 And in their Course, discourse of my disgrace,
 Me thinks, the Sunne doth blush to see my face,
 The whistling winds me thinks do witness this,
 No griefe, so great as to haue liu'd in blisse.

310

When I complaine to Echo of head-aking,
 The sound's a King, and yet no King am I
 In silent night, when I my rest am taking,
 I dresseme of Kings, yet I vnking'd do lie,
 And still sweet sleepe scales vp my weary eye,
 I cannot fixe my thought on any thing,
 But tells me straight that once I was a king.

The

511

That once I was (aye me) that now I am not,
 And now I am not, would I had been neuer,
 Lesse feeles he want, that yet to plentie came not,
 To haue bin happie, is vnhappie euer.
 But to forget my selfe, I will endeuour,
 And only this poore plain-song will I sing
 I was not borne nor shall I die a king.

512

In such Complaints I spent my wearie time,
 My Cousen *Leicester* well respecting me,
 Which to my foes did seeme a heynous crime.
 Who after consultation did agree,
 Some more obdurate should my keepers bee:
 And *Gurney* and *Matreuers* Cosens were,
 To rid me of my life, them of their feare.

513

They that haue eares to heare of my extreames,
 And feeling hearts to comprehend my woes,
 And yet haue eies as drie as sunny beames,
 Where no moist teares (poore pitties tribute) flowes
 Within such mines, whole mines of marble growes,
 Flint-hearted men that pittie not my moane,
 Some *Gorgons* head hath turn'd your hearts to stone.

514

And what haue I to do with stonie hearts,
 With men of Marble what haue I to doe,
 I take no pleasure in *Pigmaliions* arts.
 I would not worke on stone, or marble woe.
 He lou'd his stonie maid, and Ioy'd her too,
 Shee was transform'd at his incessant moane,
 So were my foes, but chang'd from men to stone.

515

And would to God I had bin chang'd like them
 Then without sence, I should haue borne my paine,
 And senselesse, haplesse, and halfe happie men
 Who feele no grieft what needs they much complain,
 But I was touch'd being strooke in euerie vaine,
 That my dispaire to their desires might bring
 The fatall period whence their feares did spring.

516

And first, they hurried me from place to place,
 That none might haue intelligence of me.
 They clothed me with garments vile and base,
 Vnlike my selfe, that I vnkowne might be.
 And least I should the cheerefull daylight see,
 I still remou'd, when *Sol*'s courie had run
 My day was night, and Mooneshine was my sunne.

517

I did lament, that woes to words might yeeld,
 And said faire *Cynthia* with whose bright Sunshine,
 This sable night doth beare a siluer shield,
 Yet thou art gracious to these griefes of mine,
 That with thy light dost cleere my drooping eie,
 Thou borrowest light to lend the same to me,
 I lightned those that my Eclipses be.

518

The glorious Sunne thy brother lends thee light,
 My sonne makes me obscure vnlike to thee,
Endymions loue, thou did'st with loue require:
 My loue distresteth and disdaineth me,
 Yet both too like in often changing be,
 Oh no for thou being wain'd dost wax againe,
 But still her loue continues to her waine.

Some

519

Some do ascribe the Oceans ebbes and flowes,
 Vnto thy influence working in the same,
 I wot not that, but this poore *Edward* knowes,
 Men ebbe and flow as fortune list to frame,
 Whose smiles or frownes, do make or war or gaine,
 Then sure we all must stoope vnto her lures
 When thee is false, how may our States be sure.

520

But cease faire *Phœbus*, cease thy beurious shine,
 Spend not thy raies on such a wretch as I,
 'Gainst whom, the very heauens themselues repine
 Whose presence, all good-boading starres do flie,
 Then giue me leaue that I obscur'd may die,
 And suffer me (vnfought, vnscene) to goe,
 Some ease it is not to be knowne in woe.

521

And that the hony'd vapors of the night
 Might be of force to make weake nature faile
 They made me ride cold, and bare-headed quire
 To whom both hats and heads were wont to vaile,
 Whilst I with prosprous winde at will did saile.
 But now I was reproach'd with hatefull crimes,
 Oh times, oh men, oh change of men and times;

522

Thinke not that I was marble, not to haue
 A sence of ill, after a feeling fashion
 Which made me somtimes for to fret and raue,
 Somtimes to weepe, and humbly beg compassion,
 As I was swaid, by variable passion.
 Remembring what I was some stormes did passe,
 And straight a Calme remembring what I was. —
 I 4 Trators

523

Traitors (quoth he) why doe you vie me thus,
 Know you not me, forget you who I am?
 Was not great *Langshank* father vnto vs?
 I Kingly *Edward*, second of that name?
 Why kneele ye not, oft haue ye done the same?
 Why should you not, since you are sworne to do it,
 And by our birthright, we are borne vnto it?

524

From forth the loynes of many Kings came I,
 This head hath beene impaled with a Crowne;
 And will you now a simple hat deny,
 I'll be reueng'd: they doe not feare my frowne,
 Too well, too well, they know my sunne is downe,
 My day is done, now doth my night begin,
 And Owles, not Eagles vie to see therein.

525

I haue beene grac't, let me be gracious now,
 I haue commanded, let me now request,
 Your sometimes King, hath humble knees to bow,
 And weeping eyes to craue some little rest,
 Mans heart is flesh, he hath no flinty brest,
 One *Aristomines* had a hairie heart,
 But you are stones, else would you rue my smart.

526

And that I might be wretched euery way
 That euery sence might haue his proper paine,
 The bird to whom *Prometheus* was a prey
 The waking serpent that doth rest restraine
 Hunger I meane, did gnaw on me amaine,
 Hunger, fell hunger forced me to eat
 Such food as nature neuer made for meat.

527

I that *Lucullus* like was seru'd at will
 With whatsoever sea or land affords,
 Would now be glad of crummes to feed my fill,
 Such want doth often follow wastfull boards,
 Better the frugall fare of roots and goards
 That keeps the soule and body both in health
 And God doth bleſſe with grace encrease of wealth.

528

Camelions feed ypon the piercing ayre,
 I wiſh that nature had but made me ſuch;
 The Salamander doth it's ſtrength repaire,
 Amidſt the fire, when it the flame doth touch
 Againſt whoſe happy ſtate I did not grudge
 But onely wiſht my ſelfe to haue ſuch meanes,
 For hunger is extreameſt of Extreames.

529

I thought ſometimes to eat my very fleſh
 My brawneleſſe armes would doe ſome little good
 But ſtill my ſtomack loathes ſo vild a meſſe;
 And would not ſerue me to digeſt my blood,
 My teeth ſhould rather teare the ſtones for food,
 I'le ſoftern them with teares and ceaſeleſſe mones,
 But ſtones were hard, and men more hard then

530

(ſtoncs.)

And for to make me fret my ſelfe to death
 They croſt and thwarted me in euery thing,
 Sweet ſugar words like to the *Panthers* breath;
 You pleaſing tongues whoſe chimes ſo ſweetly ring
 Where are you now, why ſooth you not your King?
 Yea ſo you will, but that is not my caſe:
 And flatterers time not to the meane or baſe.

How

531

How deadly is the venome of faire tongues (oyles;
 Whose Nectar-rearines doe seeme more smoothe then
 And all the breath that commeth from their longs
 Is sweet in shew, but full of gall and guile,
 Beleeue me, there's more danger in their smile
 Then in their frowne, ifor seene is soone detected,
 But they hurt most that are the least suspected.

532

Oh why are Princes like to brassen pots
 Which being great are lifted by the eares;
 Little see they their reaches, and their plors,
 Whose tongues are turn'd to sooth them many yeeres;
 Till turnes be seru'd, and then it straight appeares,
 That hony gone, the combes are soone reiected
 And wanting meanes, the man is lesse respected.

533

May it please your highnesse, was my wonted stile,
 Whose pleasure now is valued lesse than mine?
 Did I looke cloudy, who durst seeme to smile?
 Or was I pleasant, who durst then repine?
 Speake I, *Apolloes* words were lesse diuine,
 What ere I did, applause grac'd euery thing,
 And this the cause, because I was a King.

534

But now the spring time of my blisse is done,
 Those Nightingales that did so sweetly sing,
 In this my winter all are fled and gone,
 Nay turn'd to serpents that both hisse and sting,
 Thus bels to marriage feasts and burials ring,
 And this the cause, because I am no King,
 A King, no King, hap and mishap doth bring.

And

535

And that my words might vnrespected be,
 And neither they nor I regarded ought,
 They gaue it out my senses failed me,
 And I was madde, and helpleslie distraught,
 Tis true, I haue beene madde and deerlie bought,
 My madnesse, I was madde, when I did blot,
 My soule with finnie, when I my God forgot.

536

But now my senses are restor'd againe,
 And I begin to see how madde I was,
 To put my trust in things that are so vaine.
 To change my heavenly gould for earthly glasse,
 To dote on shadowes, letting substance passe,
 And now my God hath purg'd that lunacie,
 With bitter potions of Calamitie.

537

And oh this sicknesse is too generall,
 The world doth labour of this madde disease,
 This frantick humor doth distract vs all,
 We onely seeke the present sence to please,
 And whilst we liue so we may floate at ease,
 We quire forget the place where we must land,
 The throne of iudgement where we all shall stand.

538

Why should mankind be so extremly madde,
 As for the short fruition of vaine pleasure
 Which often is reported when tis had,
 To loose a soule more worth then worlds of treasure,
 This is indeed a madnesse aboue measure:
 Thus once I fawn'd, and therefore now I rue,
 Thus reigne I now, and therefore so shall you.

And

539

And least my torments should but seeme to cease,
 Or breath a while, they would not let me rest.
 Of quiet sleepe, (the Harbinger of peace,
 The common Inne both vnto man and beast)
 My wearie eyes could neuer be possesse,
 My head waxt light, yet heauie was my heart
 Two contraries, one cause, but no desert.

540

I that had once, so many princely bowers,
 And in the same so many beds of state.
 With sweete perfumes and beutious Parramonres,
 And melodie, such as at *Plutoes* gate,
 Once *Orpheus* plaid, and all, most delicate,
 To charme the senses & bewitch the soule,
 Must not now sleepe one howre without courtroule.

541

Oh Iustice what a tallie dost thou keepe
 Of all our finnes, & how thou pai'st them right,
 Though God doth winke, yet doth he neuer sleepe,
 The eye of Heau'n sees in the darkest night,
 My sinfull wast of time, (then thought but light)
 Was chaulked vp, and now he payes the skore,
 With want of that, which I abus'd before.

542

Fond men quoth I you haue in all beene cruell,
 But yet in this, you are too much vnwise,
 If to my torments you will adde more fuell,
 You should permit some slomber to mine eyes.
 That being wak'd fresh sorrowe might arise
 Nor can I last, my strength with waking spent,
 For Bowes grow weak that neuer stand vnbeent.
 Besides

543

Besides continuall thinking of my woe,
 So dulls my senses that I feele the lesse;
 As pathes grow plaine whereon we alwaies goe,
 So hearts grow hard that neuer find redresse.
 And you will make me sencelesse by excesse,
 I know you hate me, shew your hate therfore,
 And let me slumber for to vex me more.

544

And that my greife might worke on me the more,
 By apprehension of my present fall;
 And sad remembrance of my state before,
 They wreath a Crowne of hay and there withall
 They Crowned me, and king els soones did call,
 And said in scorne, God saue this lolly king,
 Oh saue me God, whom deuills to death would

545

(bring

And thou meeke Lambe that by thy precious blood,
 Didst make attonement twixt my God and mee,
 Which was more soweriagne for a sinners good
 Then sweetest mirrh, or purest balme could be,
 See how these wicked men dishonor thee: (thorne
 The Sponge, the Speare, the Crosse, the Crowne of
 Thine ensignes are, and may not else be borne.

546

(hay,

Thy head was Crown'd with thorne mine but with
 Thou knewst no sinne, my sinnes the sand exceede,
 Well may I follow when thou leadst the way.
 And (oh) that I might follow thee indeed.
 Then of the Tree of life my soule should feed.
 My soule that hath none other hope but this,
 Who will be thine, thou alwaies wilt be his.

Sweete

547

Sweet Sauour Christ, these are the hopes I haue,
 Though they afflict me, yet my soule is thine
 A tyrant cannot reach beyond the Graue,
 These fierie trialls make me brighter shine,
 Thou canst relieue me when thou seest thy time,
 Or I shall end, or they at last will cease,
 Thou wilt giue patience, till thou giu'st release.

548

And that I might euen of my selfe be hated,
 They shau'd of all my beard in my disgrace;
 Their instrument, a Razer blunt, rebated.
 And from a filthy ditch neere to that place,
 They fetch'r could muddy water for my face:
 To whom I said, that eu'n in their dispight, (right.
 I would haue warme, my teares should do that

549

These drops of brine that powre down from mine eies
 Mine eyes cast vp to heauens high glorious frame;
 That frame whence God all earthly deeds descries,
 That God that guerdons sin with death and shame,
 Shall witnesse, yea and will reuenge the same,
 That you haue bin most cruell to your king; (bring
 Whose death his doome, his doome your deaths will

550

Vnmanly men remember what I was,
 And thinke withall what you your selues might be.
 I was a king, a powerfull king I was,
 You see my fall, and can your selues be free?
 But you haue friends, why you were friends to me;
 And yet you see how much your loue is chang'd,
 So others looes from you may be estrang'd.

Ent

551

But you are young, and full of able strength,
 And am not I, what boots my strength or youth,
 Both now seeme firme, but both shall faile at length.
 Old age, cold ache and both sad griefe ensueth,
 But you are wise, the more should be your ruth,
 Of mine estate, whose rack may teach you this
 That hateful chance may clowde your greatest blisse.

552

You are not, no you are not beasts by birth,
 Nor yet am I made of a sencelesse stone:
 We all were fram'd, and all shall turne to earth
 You should haue feeling soules for I haue one;
 Then seeme at least relenting to my moane,
 I pittie craue, and crauing let me haue it,
 Because one day your selues may need to craue it

553

But these dead motiues could not worke at all
 In their sad steely hearts the least remorse,
 They rather added wormwood to my gall,
 And exercise of ills did make them worse
 So violent streames hold on their wonted course,
 And being flesh't in cruelrie before,
 Vse made the habit perfect more and more.

554

And least one torment should be left vntri'de
 They shut me in a vault, and laid by me,
 Dead carkasses of men that lately died,
 That their foule stinck my farall bane might be;
 These were the obiects that mine eyes did see,
 These smells I smelt, with these I did conuerse,
 And vnto these, these words I did rehearse.

Oh

555

Oh happy soules, whose bodies here I see,
 For you haue plaid your parts, and are at rest,
 Yet some way haplesse, ye may seeme to be,
 That with your bodyes, I am thus distrest,
 Perhaps you'd grieue, if that you knew at least,
 That by your meanes your King is thus tormented,
 Grieue not deare soules for I am well contented.

556

'Tis not your bodies senselesse as they are
 That doe inflict these torments on your King,
 But the fierce agents of proud *Mortimer*,
 From them my plagues proceed: as from their spring,
 And (oh) iust heauen let them their tribute bring
 Backe to the Ocean whence they first did flow
 And in their passage still more greater grow.

557

But what poore soule haue you deseru'd so ill,
 That being dead you must want buriall;
 Nothing but this, I must my fares fulfill,
 And still be plagu'd with woes vnnaturall,
 My wretchednesse must still transcend in all,
 The liuing and the dead must doe me spight
 And you poore soules for me must want your right.

558

But you are happy free from sense of wrong,
 Here be your bodies, but your soules are well,
 Death doe not you forbear your stroke too long
 That with these happy soules, my soule may dwell,
 And soule be glad to goe, here is thy hell,
 And eu'n in this th'art happy that tis heere,
 Oh better so, then it should be else where.

What

What seest thou now but objects of disgrace? (Sight?)
 What dost thou heare, but scornes and termes of
 What dost thou touch, that is not vile and base?
 What dost thou smell, but stench both day and night?
 What dost thou tast, that may procure delight?
 Thy sight, thy hearing, touching, tast and smell,
 All cry for heauen for here is now their hell.

This darksome vault, the house of *Acheron*,
 These wicked men like friends do torture me,
 These verie Snakes resemble *Phlegeton*
 Mine acted sinnes like fearefull Iuries be.
 And he that would a whole infernall see
 Let him obserue those torments I indure,
 And he shall finde them hellstrue portraiture.

The earth it selfe is wearie of my paine,
 And like a tender mother moanes for me,
 From me thou cam'st, returne to me againe,
 Within my wombe, ile keepe thee safe, quoth shee,
 And from these vile abusers set thee free:
 Neuer shall these fell Tyrants wrong thee more,
 He that paies death dischargeth euerie score.

These bodies that thou seest, thy brothers were,
 Subiect to many wants, and thousands woes,
 They now are clear'd from care, and free'd from feare,
 And from the pressing of insulting foes,
 And now they liue in loue, and sweet repose:
 Thy selfe canst witnesse, that they feele no woe,
 And as they rest, eu'n thou shalt rest thee so.

563

Their eies, that whilst they liu'd oft tided teares
 Thou seest, how sweetly they enjoy their rest,
 Those harsh vnpleasing sounds that deafn their eares:
 Are turn'd to Angels tunes amongst the blest.
 Their soules that were with pensiue thoughts possess'd,
 Now in their makers bosome without end,
 Enjoy that peace whereto thy soule doth bend,

564

And thou hadst need of peace, poore wretched soule,
 If euer any soule had neede of peace,
 God being in armes against thee doth inrowle
 All nature in his list which doth not cease
 To fight against thee, and doth still encrease
 Thy wretchednesse, forbear rebellious dust,
 To war with him who is both great and iust.

565

Oh would to God, that I had di'd ere this,
 Then had my sinnes bin fewer then they are,
 Then had my soule, long since repos'd in blisse,
 Which now is wandering still in wayes of care,
 Lifes griefe exceeds lifes good without compare.
 Each day doth bring a fresh supply of sorrow,
 Most wretched now, yet shall be more to morrow.

566

My carefull mother might haue helped me,
 When I lay sprawling in her tender wombe,
 If she had made her burdened belly be
 My fruitlesse birth-bed, and my fatall tombe,
 Sure had she knowne her sonnes accursed doome,
 Shee neuer would haue wrong'd her selfe so much
 To beare a wretch, saue whom was neuer such.

My

567

My tender nurse is guiltie of these paines,
 Shee might haue put some poyson in my pappe,
 Or let me fall, and so dasht out my braines,
 When she full oft did daunce me on her lap,
 A thousand waies had freed me from mishap.
 But he, whom heauen ordaines to liue distressed,
 Death will delay to set that wretch at rest.

568

For Death's the wearie Pilgrims rest and Ioy,
 This world of woes, a hard and flintie way.
 Our birth the path that leads to our annoy,
 Our friends are fellow passengers to day,
 And gone to morrow, honor is a stay,
 That either stopps, or leads vs all amisse
 Pleasures are the cues, that interrupt our blisse.

569

And in our passage as the way doth lie,
 We meete with seuerall Inns wherein we rest,
 Some at the Crowne were lodg'd and so was I
 Some at the Castle, that is now my nest,
 Some at the horne there married folks do feast,
 Though men haue diuerse Inns, yet all men haue,
 One home to which they goe, and that's the graue.

570

Yet whilst we trauell, fortune like the weather,
 Doth alter faire or foule, so doth our way:
 If faire, then friends like fowles do flocke together
 If fowle, each man doth shift a seuerall way,
 Only our virtues, or our vices stay,
 And goe with vs, whose endlesse memorie,
 Doth make vs liue, or die eternally.

K 2

This

571

This is the freight that men cannot vnload,
 No not by death, therefore mortalitie
 Worke for thy selfe, whilst heere thou mak'st abode,
 For on the present hath dependencie
 Thy fortunes endlesse blisse or miserie.
 And death's the Conuoy to conduct vs home,
 Come death to me, that I to rest may come.

572

Perhaps thou fear'st me being great and high,
 Oh death, man were a thing intollerable,
 Were he not mortall, but eu'n kings must die.
 No priuiledge doth against death enable,
 Both fat and leane are dishes for his table,
 The difference this, the poore one hath his graue,
 The great one he his Monument must haue.

573

Our fates may be conceiu'd, but not controul'd.
 Before our dated time we cannot die,
 Our daies are numbred, and our minuts tould,
 But life and death are destin'd from on high.
 And when that God that rules th' imperiall skie!
 Shall find it fit, then thou shalt goe in peace.
 Meane while with patience looke for thy release.

574

Thus vnto care I pay his due complaint,
 And ioynd with all my tributarie teares
 Such my lament, for griefe finds no restraint,
 As they at last did come vnto their cares,
 That by the Castle past which caus'd such feares
 In their selfe guiltie soules that vs'd me so,
 As they resolu'd by death to end my woe.

575

To which effect came letters from the Court,
Written by *Tarlton* at the *Queenes* command,
In such a Clowdie, and ambiguous sort,
That diuerse waies one might them vnderstand.
By pointing them, that if they should bescand,
He and his Letters might be free from blame,
And they delinquent that abus'd the same.

576

The words were these (*kill Edward doe not feare,*
Tis good) which being comma'd diuerslie
As please the reader double since may beare,
Oh Art, thou art the worlds chiefe treasure
But being imploy'd to practise villanie, (spring,
What Monstrous births from thy fowle wombe do
So Grammar heere is made to kill a king.

577

Which to effect, they first remoued me,
From forth the Vault, where I before did lie,
And made a shew as if they seem'd to be,
Compassionated, for my misery.
And would hereafter grant immunitie
For such vnworthy vsage, so we see,
The Sun shines hot before the shower will be.

578

But being ouerwatch'd, and wearied too
Nature was much desirous of some rest,
Which gaue them oportunitie to do
What they desir'd, for being with sleepe oppress,
They Clapt a masse table on my brest.
And with great weight so kept me downe withall,
That breath I could not, much lesse crie and call.

K 3

And

579

And then into my fundament they thrust,
 A litle horne, as I did groueling lie.
 And that my violent death might shun mistrust,
 Through the same horne a red hot Spit, whereby,
 They made my guts and bowells for to fric,
 And so continu'd, till at last they found,
 That I was dead, yet seem'd to haue no wound.

580

And heere I pitch the pillars of my paine,
 Now, *Ne plus ultra* shall my posie be.
 And thou which hast describ'd my tragick raigne,
 Let this at least giue some content to thee,
 That from disastrous fortunes none are free.
 Now take the worke out of the Loomes againe,
 And tell the world, that all the world is vaine.

FINIS.

